
THE
WORKS

OF THE LATE

John MacLaurin, Esq.

OF DREGHORN.

=====
IN TWO VOLUMES.
=====

VOL. I.

W. O. R. S.

OF THE STATE

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John D. Smith, Esq.

OF DRAFTS

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IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

THE
WORKS
OF THE LATE
JOHN MACLAURIN, ESQ. *R*
OF DREGHORN:
ONE OF THE SENATORS
OF THE COLLEGE OF JUSTICE,

AND
F. R. S. EDIN^R.

“Chaque homme écrit ce qu’il pense dans ses meilleurs moments, & ras-
semble à un certain âge les réflexions les plus épurées qu’il a eues pen-
dant sa vie. Avant sa mort il en forme un livre plus ou moins gros,
selon sa manière de voir & de s’exprimer : ce livre est l’ame du de-
funt.

MERCIER, l’an, 2440. tom. i.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR,

By J. Ruthven and Sons;

AND SOLD BY BELL & BRADFUTE, AND E. BALFOUR.

1798.

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JOHN MACGILLIVRAY ESQ.

OF DRECHORN:

ONE OF THE SENATORS

OF THE COLLEGE OF JUSTICE

A.D.

LONDON: EDINBURGH

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THE
P R E F A C E,

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is too often the fate of men, whatever their situation or talents are, to be the prey of Slander and Malice. If any favoured being happens at a time to soar above the common herd of mankind, then the tongue of Scandal is ever ready to blast his merit: Virtue herself has not hitherto had the good fortune to escape the latent toils of envy, nor the sting of malevolence; and the misfortune is, that the silent grave is often not able to screen the dead from the darts of calumny.

Such is the common, though hard lot of mankind. But of all those who have been obliged to sink under the pressure of these evils incident to humanity, there are none who have suffered more than such as genius has prompted to become authors.—
They are continually subject to the ridicule
a of

of the dull and illiterate, to the secret sneers of jealous rivals, and to the severe lash of learned, but too often partial, critics.

What makes the situation of writers truly lamentable is, that, in general, their object is to afford either instruction or amusement to the reader; and yet (such is the ingratitude of man) they have in return usually received, instead of reward, nothing but the malignant reproaches of the enlightened, or the scurrilous, though impotent, abuse of the uninformed. Hence authors have found, with regret, that even in the Republic of Letters, Despotism frequently wields her iron rod, and wounds, without distinction, the reputation of the meritorious and unworthy writer.

Since this is the cruel lot of authors, and as even the best writings have not been able to find a refuge under the banners of literature, from the censure of Ignorance, or the persecution of Envy, it certainly cannot be expected that the writer of these volumes, even when no more, should escape the lash of inquisitive criticism; especially as a number

ber of new, and certainly bold, opinions, very opposite to the sentiments of the world, are supported by the author. It may, however, be proper to mention, that (whatever shall be their fate) they were entertained by him from no bad motive, but flowed from the pen of one neither too solicitous of literary fame nor of popular favour.

Although there will be found in this publication no complete system of philosophy, law, religion, or politicks, it is however hoped, that the reader will not treat the work on that account with marked contempt; as it is conceived, that it may be found somewhat useful and entertaining, though it happen not to be digested into a systematic form: for the editor presumes to think, that, from these pages, the politician and theologian may receive some instruction; the lawyer and philosopher some information; and the man of science and letters, not a little amusement.

To say, however, that the work is not defective in many particulars, would be the greatest folly and presumption. The editor

therefore afraid, (he had almost said, conscious of faults) offers the book to the public with not a little anxiety and diffidence; but he trusts, that every candid reader will impute any trifling errors that may occur, not to the author, but to him, who, from having found the manuscript in a very confused state, had great difficulty, while transcribing it, in avoiding mistakes.

EDINBURGH,
February 1798.

AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF THE
AUTHOR.

———— Cui Pudor, et Justitiz Soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas.

Hor. Lib. I. Ode 24.

JOHN MACLAURIN, afterwards Lord Dreghorn, was born at Edinburgh on the 15th December 1734, O. S. He was the eldest son of the celebrated Colin MacLaurin, Professor of Mathematics in that University: and of Anne Stewart, daughter of Mr Walter Stewart of Stewarthall, in Stirlingshire, for some time his Majesty's Solicitor General for Scotland, in the reign of George the First.

The

The exertions which Professor MacLaurin had made in the year 1745, by planning the fortifications of the town of Edinburgh, in order to put it in a state of defence against the rebels, obliged him to fly his native country when the army of the Pretender advanced thither. Thus exiled, he took refuge in the hospitable mansion of Dr Heron, then Archbishop of York, where he found a safe asylum ; but upon his return to his country after the rebellion ceased, from having caught a cold on the journey, he was attacked with a dropsy, which proved mortal, in the year 1746. As he was a man of no penurious disposition, he left his family, consisting of a widow, two sons, and three daughters, but indifferently provided: his name, and a small estate in Berwickshire, were their only inheritance. The former was indeed a great one; but, to our author and his brother, on account of their youth, of little avail: the latter yielded no more than a bare competence for the education and maintenance of the family.

The attention and friendship which the good Archbishop of York had shewn to the father,

father, when a patriot refugee, was, at his death, transferred with generous remembrance to his sons. His Grace, desirous of having the superintendance of their education, after consulting with Mrs MacLaurin, used his interest to procure admission for our author and his younger brother into the Charter-house in London. His exertions, however, were unavailing, for it happened that the former was too old, the latter too young, to be admitted.

It was on this account resolved that our author should be educated in Scotland ; and accordingly, at the usual age, he was put to the high school of Edinburgh, to learn the rudiments of the Latin language. Here he continued five years, (five miserable years he used to call them) making a very great proficiency in the language ; not by labour or uncommon application, but in consequence of that vigour and quickness of apprehension which nature had bestowed upon him with so profuse a hand : for, though it is true that the idleness and inattention excusable at that early age prevented him often from acquiring, and almost always from retain-

retaining that great superiority of rank in the class which his parts and knowledge entitled him to hold; yet such was his acuteness, that, even when lured from his book by boyish frolics, he was always able to keep a very respectable place at school.

At this very early period of life, he displayed a natural turn for poetical composition, and, among his school-fellows, was distinguished by the name of Poet. Indeed our author had not only an early, but a constant attachment to the Muses, and it may, therefore, be thought surprising, that he did not exert his poetical talents more than he has done; and that what he has written is chiefly upon local subjects, and such as probably, in these times, will not please the Republic of Letters,

Our author afterwards went through the usual academical course at the University of Edinburgh, where he still continued to make a very great proficiency in the learned languages. He distinguished himself also in the different sciences to which he then bent his attention; although he used often
to

to mention, with regret, that he did not make so rapid a progress in these as he would have wished, from having been sent to college at too early an age to be able to enter fully into the abstruse studies which are understood to form an essential part of an university education.

The pleasure our author had in reading debates, ancient and modern, and in hearing the pleadings at the Scotch bar, made him desirous of following the profession of a Barrister; although he was dissuaded from it, on account of the narrowness of his fortune, and the want of powerful connections to push him forward: his friends had intended him for the Church, but the gravity of a clergyman was not suited to his lively temper. He determined, however, to be guided by his own inclination; and accordingly, after studying and making himself perfectly master of the Civil and Scotch Law, he was, in August 1756, admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh. Previous to this, he, at leisure hours, overcame the fatigue of legal study, by occasionally indulging himself in perusing his favourite

vourite classics, and improving his taste for the muses.

The first practice he had at the bar was before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; a court which, from its popular constitution, young Barristers are accustomed to consider as one of the best theatres which this part of the island affords for displaying their abilities. In this House he was always employed on the side of Opposition, that is, the party which oppose the settlement of ministers in churches by presentation from patrons; and he soon distinguished himself in his pleadings and writings, by brilliancy of wit, and force of argument.

Such promising talents were not long unrewarded; for, in the course of a few years, they were the means of introducing him into very considerable practice, both before the Civil and Criminal Courts of his country.

It was not as a mere lawyer that he acquired reputation in the world; for, by means of his abilities, learning, and urbanity, he soon gained the acquaintance and friendship
of

of men of rank, fortune, talents, and literature; and, as he often with pleasure mentioned, it was the intimate friendship of a few of these that was the greatest solace he had in the decline of life.

In June 1762, Mr MacLaurin married Miss Esther Cunninghame, second daughter of Dr George Cunninghame, physician in Edinburgh, by whom he had ten children, five sons and five daughters. With this amiable woman he lived in the utmost state of conjugal felicity till the year 1780, when she was cut off by a putrid fever, caught from a favourite son, whom she survived only a few hours. This was an irretrievable loss to our author and his numerous young family. How much his fine feelings were wounded by this severe blow, appears evident from the epitaph he wrote and intended for her tomb some years after*, in which he very justly and pathetically asserts, that her only failing was "too much sensibility."

* See vol. I. p. 118.

In 1782 a Royal Society was established in Edinburgh, composed of all the men of learning and genius in the country. Mr MacLaurin had the honour of being appointed one of the constituent members of this institution, in the royal charter which was procured for it, and soon after read before them an Essay to prove that Troy was not taken by the Greeks.

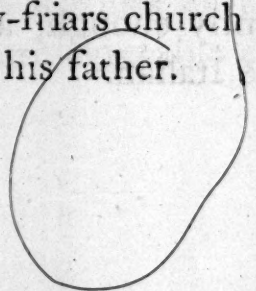
After having, for many years, practised with great assiduity and success at the Scotch bar, and having at last forgot the griefs of a husband in the cares of a father, he was promoted to the Bench, through the interest of his friend the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, at present one of his Majesty's Secretaries of State; and in January 1788 took his seat as a Senator of the College of Justice, under the title of Lord Dreghorn; a title he assumed from a villa near Edinburgh, which he purchased upon the sale of his paternal estate a considerable time before. Being situated about five miles from the metropolis, it afforded him, in the time of vacation, an agreeable retreat from business, and enabled him to enjoy, in retirement, those

those classical authors which were his chief companions and comforters in the evening of his days. During the enjoyment, for nearly nine years, of the judicial trust committed to him, he had the satisfaction to find, that the efforts he made as a Judge in the impartial administration of justice, obtained the universal approbation of the practitioners of Court, and of the public at large.

In 1791 domestic distress again embittered his happiness, in consequence of the death of his eldest daughter, who caught the infection of a putrid fever, in paying the last tribute of affection to a dying brother. The father too, in the utmost grief, was attacked with a slow fever, from which, he imagined, he never entirely recovered.

His attention, however, to the duties of his office, continued unabated, till 1796, when (on December 24th) he died of a putrid fever, aged nearly sixty-two, leaving two sons and a daughter. He was interred in the Grey-friars church yard, in the same grave with his father.

Mr



Mr MacLaurin was a thin spare man, nearly six feet high: in his face there was something very expressive; in his figure something eccentric, but both were striking and interesting; and those who have seen and known him, will probably acknowledge the truth of the common observation, that there is always something remarkable in the appearance of a man of genius.

The prominent features in Mr MacLaurin's character were, vivacity and quickness of apprehension: he was a tolerable Greek, an excellent Latin scholar. In the latter part of his life, he employed a great part of his leisure hours in studying the French language, from having a great taste for French literature. Though no foreigner can acquire a knowledge of that language sufficient to enable him to write it correctly, yet he translated most of his poetical, and many of his prose pieces into French, and thus lost the most precious hours of his life in a labour which must have been no less tedious than unavailing: he, however, could converse in this language fluently enough, and understood a little of the Italian.

He

He had a most retentive memory; few men read more, none retained what they read better: he never was at a loss for some apposite quotation from classical authors, especially from the Latin poets; in his selection of these he was peculiarly happy; they gave ease and grace to his pleadings, force and elegance to his writings.

Mr MacLaurin had associated with the first people of rank and abilities in the country, and was a member of most of the clubs composed of the Wits of the day. His learning introduced him into the society of the grave, his vivacity recommended him to the company of the gay: domestic distress indeed made him become retired and abstemious.

For the last few years of his life he seldom dined from home; a habit of study leading him to fly the bustle of the world, and to seek in books and contemplation, pleasures more congenial to his soul. In company, he grew latterly, for the most part, silent and reserved; but when he chose to unbend, (as at times he would,) no person made a more agreeable companion, or was better

better qualified to promote convivial conversation.

He was remarkably susceptible of cold, and very apprehensive when the least ailment seized him: he was rather hot and hasty in his temper; but being naturally good-humoured, passion, in him, was no sooner raised than it was quelled. He was an affectionate husband, an indulgent father, a kind brother, and an easy master.

As a Lawyer, Mr MacLaurin always had a most respectable character. Though he was not remarkable for oratorical powers, yet his figure and action were graceful enough; his voice, though not strong, was agreeable; but, from the want of teeth, rendered rather monotonous. If he wanted manner in his pleadings, he supplied the defect by the matter: a profound knowledge of the law, together with an extensive acquaintance with the world, sound argument, sterling wit, elegant, often eloquent language, commanded attention, and enforced conviction. His papers were written in a clear, energetic style; replete with legal knowledge, and
graced

graced with classical allusions : argumentative, never verbose ; adorned, never overloaded with wit.

As a Judge, he was high in public esteem : he had a clear head, and a sound understanding : he heard with patience, and determined with deliberation. Conscience was his guide, and Justice his aim. His quickness and penetration gave dispatch to business, and made the burden, which was heavy upon others who did less, fit light upon him who did more : his only failing (if it can be considered as such) was a seeming unsteadiness of opinion, which proceeded from the most anxious desire to find out the truth, and to discharge his duty with impartiality. Human judgment in the best will err, but he is an upright judge whose conscience, though he may sometimes be wrong, cannot upbraid him.

Mr MacLaurin, from his earliest years, was the friend and lover of liberty ; and wherever he found oppression, he was an advocate against it : from his extensive reading, he had acquired a liberality of mind,
c
and

and independence of spirit, which made him think and judge for himself; the welfare and happiness of mankind were the great objects of his speculations: he was jealous of the encroachments of the Crown, and regarded as unjustifiable every attempt to oppress the people.

He had seen America struggle for independence; he predicted the consequence of the fatal measures pursued against her; and with those who thought as he did, he shared the obloquy of the day: he saw America successful, he could not but rejoice in the event. He lived to see another revolution; monarchy abolished, and a struggle for a republic, in France: he lamented the cruelties that were exercised in this bold attempt: he pitied the monarch who fell; he looked forward with anxiety to the new government: he beheld, in the dawning republic, a nation contending for its freedom; and an audacious experiment attempted,—the reformation of mankind: he thought the old system in France bad, what the new one would be no man could predict. The armed coalition he viewed with indig-

indignant regret : the attempt to crush that distracted country, to him appeared unjust and impolitic : left to themselves a short time, he thought, would determine both the fate of that great empire, and also the hitherto problematical question, whether an extensive nation can enjoy the republican form of government ? He always thought, if foreign powers had not interfered in order to restore the old system, a civil war was inevitable : it would be bloody, but could not be long. He foresaw, that the powers of Europe coalesced, would make France, to a man, rally round the standard of Liberty ; and accordingly, he beheld the best disciplined armies in the world fall before raw and unexperienced republicans : the Continent was deluged with blood, and the genius of Liberty soaring triumphant, threatened to revolutionise the globe.

Mr MacLaurin beheld the conduct of his own country with the sincerest sorrow : he condemned her Ministers for taking part in the contest with France : the British Constitution was the envy of the world : Britons were proud of their Government, be-

cause they lived happy under it. He saw his country recover from the distress which the American war had occasioned: many peaceful years had recruited her strength, increased her resources, and made her mistress of the commerce of the world: he was sorry to see her Ministers, all at once, rashly endanger her prosperity, rush headlong into the bloody contest, and, without endeavouring to prevent the monarchy of France from falling, foolishly attempt to restore it. The various pretexts for carrying on the war he condemned, and reprobated the conduct of Ministry for interfering in it at all: exclaiming often with Lucan, *bella nullos habitura triumphos*. He also disapproved of their measures at home no less than of their operations abroad: swayed by no party, biased by no mercenary motives, the fate of his country roused his sensibility. Placed in a high public station, while he discharged his duty with fidelity, he would not shrink at the nod of Power: he, accordingly, shared the fate of those who differed in opinion with the ruling party; he was called a Republican, a Democrat; and it was even insinuated that he wished for a revolution in this

this country. He was neither Republican nor Democrat ; unless that man be one, who thinks a nation entitled to maintain its rights, to resist every attempt to enslave it, and to enjoy the freedom of speech, and the liberty of the press : he was convinced of the necessity of a radical reform in the British Parliament, and of abuses in Government ; and he regretted that this had not been done when there was both time and opportunity. To such a height had political animosity arrived in this country, that Mr MacLaurin at last shunned mixed companies, indeed all where the conversation was likely to turn upon Politics ; and in writing his thoughts upon the interesting scene then passing in Europe, he found the chief solace of his leisure hours. He never, however, allowed difference of opinion to interrupt, or dissolve private friendship ; he was the friend of liberty, the foe of licentiousness, the follower of truth, the lover of justice. Anxious that wrongs should be prevented, eager to see them redressed : he loved his country, he was ambitious of her welfare : the friend of man, he studied to be his benefactor : conscious of the rectitude of his principles,

ciples, he was not afraid to avow them, but Prudence made him observe a cautious silence : the insinuations which Malice levelled against him, he bore with fortitude, and treated with contempt : superior to his enemies, he disdained to retaliate.

To assert, however, that Mr MacLaurin was a perfect character, would be indeed to say that he was more than mortal.

As an Author, Mr MacLaurin will, perhaps, make no conspicuous figure : the only Law works which he published are,—“ A Collection of Criminal Cases,” published in 1774 ; to which is prefixed, “ A Short Account of the procedure in Criminal Trials, and Considerations on some Points of the Law of Scotland.”

This Collection of Criminal Cases was the first, and, for some time, the only one of the kind upon the Criminal Law of Scotland : and of its merit, from the Author's own words, in the conclusion of his Preface, some idea may be given :—“ There is but little
“ in this bulky volume that can, properly
“ speak-

“ speaking, be called mine. I have propo-
 “ sed but few alterations on our criminal
 “ law or forms; and presumed to give an
 “ opinion but upon two or three striking
 “ cases, contenting myself as to the rest with
 “ stating them impartially. I can pretend,
 “ therefore, to no other merit, than that of
 “ having taken some little trouble to increase
 “ the public stock of valuable knowledge:
 “ That, I am pretty confident, this work,
 “ though incomplete, will, in some measure,
 “ do: for that, I cheerfully submitted to be
 “ the transcriber of judgments frequently
 “ unjust, the abridger of arguments often
 “ absurd, and the sad historian of dooms
 “ and executions.”

The Author's Considerations on some
 Points in the Law of Scotland contain ma-
 ny ingenious observations; but as they are
 not of general utility, this performance is but
 little known; although, perhaps, at a future
 period, the whole, or the greater part of it,
 may appear among his law works, which it
 is in contemplation to publish.

Perhaps it is improper to consider as part
 of

of the works of Mr MacLaurin any of his professional papers; but there are two which deserve to be remembered, the Information he wrote for Mungo Campbell, who was tried before the High Court of Justiciary for the murder of Lord Eglinton; and an Information for Joseph Knight, a negro, upon the great question, whether a slave, upon landing in this country, was entitled to his freedom? The former has been universally read, and contributed not a little to raise the Author at the bar: the latter is upon a subject which all can understand, and as it treats, not merely of the particular case of the negro for whom it was written, but of the great general question as to the justice of abolishing the Slave Trade, it may therefore be considered as instructive and interesting, at this period, when the fall of negro slavery is fast approaching. It enters very minutely, not only into the argument, but quotes all the noted authors who have written on this truly important subject. Mr MacLaurin had been employed in a former case, and was retained by the master to plead against the slave; but he having died, no decision was given. When the case of Knight
occur-

occurred, he undertook his cause; and having pleaded against the slave as a lawyer, he rejoiced to have an opportunity of pleading for him as a man. He was assisted in the benevolent undertaking by some other Advocates of the first eminence at the bar, among whom was Mr Henry Dundas, now one of the Secretaries of State, and another Gentleman, since promoted to the Bench.--- These Gentlemen volunteered in the cause of Freedom, and the Negro prevailed. The motto Mr MacLaurin prefixed to his Information was taken from Virgil's second Eclogue :

“ *Quamvis ille niger quamvis tu candidus esses ;*”

which was so apposite to the subject, that a Gentleman, intending to pay a compliment to the Author, asked him if he had made the motto ?

The only other works published by Mr MacLaurin were,—

I. “ An Essay on Literary Property,” published in 1772 ; when the question, Whether an author had, at common law, a right of property in his works, independent of the

d
statute

statute 8th of Queen Anne? came to be tried before the Court of Session in Scotland, betwixt Mr Donaldson the bookseller, and others. He pleaded as counsel for the book-fellers; and the pleading he made upon the occasion, the notes of which he preserved, is now incorporated with the Essay he afterwards wrote.

II. "An Essay on Patronage," published in 1766; when the question as to its abolition was keenly agitated before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland: where he exerted himself as an advocate for the right in the people to chuse their own ministers.

III. "An Essay to prove that Troy was not taken by the Greeks," printed in the first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society at Edinburgh. As he did not espouse the popular opinion in this dissertation, it may, perhaps, please the lovers of literature to read the sentiments which two of the most celebrated characters this country has produced, entertained of its merit, Dr Adam Smith, the author of the Wealth of Nations; and

and Dr William Robertſon, the Hiſtorian ;
to whom it was ſubmitted previous to his
reading it before the Society. From Dr
Smith he received the following letter :---

“ I have read your Diſſertation twice over,
“ with great pleaſure ; and I ſo far agree
“ with you, as to be ſatiſfied that there is
“ not one ſingle fact relating to the Trojan
“ war, of which the hiſtorical truth can,
“ even in its moſt eſſential circumſtances, be
“ at all depended on. To ſuppoſe, however,
“ that it is more probable that Helen was
“ an honeſt woman, that Hector killed Achil-
“ les, and that Troy was not taken, than the
“ oppoſite events, I ſuſpect is rather a ſtrong
“ concluſion. I am totally unacquainted
“ with the writings of Dion Chryſoſtom.”

Dr Robertſon, with the Eſſay, ſent this card :

“ Dr Robertſon preſents his beſt compli-
“ ments to Mr MacLaurin ;---he returns his
“ papers, which he has peruſed a ſecond time
“ with growing ſatiſfaction. In reading, he
“ has made a few verbal ſtriſtures, hardly
“ worth ſending to him ; he will adopt or
“ reject them, as he ſees meet. Dr Robert-
“ ſon is ſtill of opinion, that if the paper
“ were introduced with a proper encomium

“ on Homer’s poetical talents, the critique
“ upon his credit as a Historian will give
“ less offence, and have greater effect : with-
“ out some softening preamble of the kind,
“ Dr Robertson is afraid, that all the Ido-
“ lators of Greek will raise the cry of *Blas-*
“ *phemy*, and that Literature is in danger.”

Mr MacLaurin, during the years 1792, 93, 94, and 95, kept a journal, or diary, in which he recorded the various events that happened in Europe during that period ; and wrote his observations upon them with the greatest freedom. He has left several folio volumes, containing thoughts on the times ; upon one of which there is the following note, of his own hand-writing :---I find
“ much satisfaction in writing these thoughts
“ on the times : it occupies a leisure hour,
“ and gives vent to my feelings and emotions, occasioned by the great events which
“ at present agitate Europe. My situation is
“ such, that I think it would not be wise or
“ proper to speak them out in public at present, and it is a chance if ever it shall be
“ so during my life. I consider myself as
“ talking to the man of times to come, but
“ I have

“ I have taken no pains in the style. I could
 “ not do so, but either with immense trou-
 “ ble, or by employing an amanuensis ; and
 “ that, the nature of the subject, and free-
 “ dom with which it is treated, forbade.”---
 From these volumes he made a selection,
 with the intention that they should be pub-
 lished after his death, which, in obedience
 to his directions, is now done.

The poetical works of Mr MacLaurin are
 not very numerous. He disliked long po-
 ems ; and those he wrote were generally of
 an epigrammatic turn. He kept a press,
 many years ago, for his amusement, and
 printed a collection of the poems that he had
 then written, which he distributed among
 his friends. A great many of his pieces are
 to be found in a collection, by Gentlemen
 in Scotland, printed at Edinburgh in 1760 ;
 and he occasionally contributed verses to the
 magazines, and other periodical publications
 of the day. The greatest part of these are
 to be found in this work.

The Editor had it in his power to increase
 the number, by the addition of a few levi-
 ties,

ties, which, although not intended by the Author for publication, are, perhaps, the most finished of his productions; but he was restrained by the consideration, that a lively fancy, when allowed to indulge itself at freedom, will sometimes produce fruit that can only be relished in private. On the Ode to War, and the Address to the Powers at War, he bestowed much pains; they are the last, and perhaps the most beautiful effusions of his muse. Though he has written in the different kinds of measure, that of these two odes was what he most admired: he was sensible that they were too long for that species of composition, indeed longer than he thought any poem should be; but inspired by the subject, he disregarded, and forgot the fettered rules of criticism, and let loose his fancy to indulge his feelings.

There is one piece, of which, since Mr MacLaurin's death, the Editor has discovered he was the Author.—It is entituled the Philosopher, an Opera, in two acts, and is a severe satire against two authors, whose works have done honour to their country, Mr David Hume, the celebrated Historian; and

and Mr John Home, the well-known author of the Tragedy of Douglas. It was written when that Tragedy first made its appearance. The persecution which the author of Douglas experienced in consequence of the publication of that piece, is well known. Much abuse was levelled against him; and among those who stooped to use the pen of a satirist, was Mr MacLaurin: he was at this time, it must be remarked, a very young man, under the tuition and influence of his mother, who, though possessed of no inconsiderable share of genius, could not be reconciled to the idea of a Minister of the Gospel writing a Play. By her persuasions, it seems, he was instigated to attack the author of Douglas; it is not probable he would have written this satire from any other motive. Though a man may sometimes write to indulge his fancy without meaning to offend, Mr MacLaurin's liberal mind could never have suffered him thus publicly to attack a man for his opinions, or stop genius in its career, whatever the profession of the author might be; besides, himself a poet, it cannot be supposed he would intentionally injure a man whose works added

ed lustre to poetry. Mr MacLaurin, however, in maturer years, became, in many of his opinions, a disciple of the philosopher, and an admirer of the poet: conscious he had acted wrong in writing this Opera, he never mentioned or wished to see it, and has never been heard to avow it. The author of Douglas is revenged for the unmerited persecution he met with: a generous Prince rewarded his sufferings, and popular applause has sanctioned his fame. Though the publication of this Opera might now give no offence, the writer of such a Tragedy being superior to satire, yet, from respect to the feelings of the living, and the memory of the dead, it is thought more proper not to revive it; and on that account, whatever intrinsic merit it may have, the Editor is determined never to publish it.

Of the merit of either the poetical or prose works, the Editor inclines to say nothing, for the critical reader will, no doubt, judge with impartiality and temper, of a posthumous publication.

P R E F A C E.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.

READER, this little volume, but contains
A scanty portion of the Author's strains;
More he compos'd, when young he play'd the
fool,
Led by the gay enchantress, Ridicule;
But, now repentant, most of those he blames,
And sternly dooms them to devouring flames;
Tho' he regrets their destiny severe,
And his fond eye drops a parental tear.
Such feelings Abra'm, Jephthah such betray'd;
The father murmur'd, but the saint obey'd.
If in these pages sometimes there be found
A line imperfect, or discordant sound,
Do not deride, but disregard the flaw,
His country, Scotland; his profession, Law;
The first invidious, labour'd, as he sung,
To hide the graces of the English tongue;
The niggard last, deny'd sufficient time
To smoothe the verse, and modulate the rhyme.

PREFACE

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.

THESE, the first volume of the
series, contain the history of the
people of the country, when young he played the
trick, and was called a Rascal.
And by the way, the author, who is not a
man of letters, most of those he blames,
and thereby doing them to degrading names;
and he reports their destiny reverse.
And his book is a drop of a general year.
The author is a man of letters, but the first object
of his book is to show the people of the country
in their own language, and to show the
A. and the history of the country.
The author is a man of letters, but the first object
of his book is to show the people of the country
in their own language, and to show the
A. and the history of the country.

POEMS.

P O E M S.

P. O. E. M. S.

POEMS.

LYROCLASTES.

A LAMENTATION ON A BASE VIOL,

BROKEN BY

A SHORT-SIGHTED GENTLEMAN WHO SAT DOWN UPON IT.

WRITTEN IN 1755.

Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

VIRG.

Good Heav'ns! my Base in shivers strews }
the floor ; }
The bridge, the neck, the belly, are no more ; }
And dumb the strings, so ready once to roar. }

Consoling Goddess, elegiac muse,
On such occasion wilt thou help refuse ?
Thou whose soft sympathising accents flow,
To sooth distress, and aid the voice of Woe!
By thee assisted, bards of ancient Rome
Bewail'd a sparrow's unexpected doom :
For them, thy pow'rs beyond their province
went,
But will with me, in character, lament.

Besides, for what a trifle did they whine?
 But this no poultry loss, nor merely mine,
 'Tis a calamity to all the Nine.

Orpheus in tears consum'd the close of life,
 Tho' the sole cause a serpent-bitten wife:
 His songs, how plaintive! and his pangs, how
 sharp!

Had his affliction been,—his broken harp.
 Poor, harmless Viol! may I share thy fate,
 If ere for thee my tenderness abate!
 Can I forget thy reverend grimace,
 Thy solemn form, and philosophic face?
 Forget thy manly, mellow, moving voice,
 Renown'd at once for harmony and noise?
 Forget the tones thy bow could well prolong;
 Sweet, tho' sonorous; delicate, tho' strong?
 Thy notes, tho' wanton, never hurt the ear;
 Nor were old Cato's morals more severe.
 Like Cato, too, thou fled'st from solitude,
 And thought society thy greatest good:
 Thy music always help'd another's strain,
 And was to fiddles what he was to men.
 Rehearse, Melpomene, in mournful lays,
 What sad mishap abridg'd the Viol's days.

“Blind men, and those that have their eyes,
 between,

“Moro was plac'd in a short-sighted mean;

“Tir'd

“ Tir’d with the tuneful labours of the day,
“ As on a chair your Base reposing lay,
“ He, whom hard fate urg’d hither to repair,
“ The Base perceiv’d not, tho’ he spy’d the chair;
“ Then down he sits; when sounds that scream’d,
 tho’ low,
“ And hollow groans, re-echo’d to the blow :
“ Crush’d was your Viol, by a foul embrace,
“ And the sad sequel stares you in the face.”

By female nails has many a visage bled,
And English boxers vanquish with the head :
But this destroyer is of Parthian kind,
Else he had never murder’d from behind.
With horror I thy ignominy see,
Since male oppression suffocated thee,
Had some fair she, whose skin excells the snow,
Dealt thy devoted breast the fatal blow,
The dear assassin thou hadst not withstood, }
But to the last preserv’d thy cheerful mood, }
And kiss’d the weapon rais’d to shed thy blood. }

ADVICE

TO A

YOUNG POET.

WRITTEN IN 1760.

THE World esteems such men as are of use,
And those derides whose talents but amuse.
Who does not smile, while he beholds advance
The man who music teaches, or to dance?
In ancient times, as well as in our days,
Nor wealth, nor honour, crown'd the poet's lays.
Homer, whom all your connoisseurs admire;
Homer, of bards the venerable fire,
Was, if to Blackwell credit we allow,
Precisely what an Irish harper's now:
For, void of fight, and miserably poor,
He, harp on shoulder, stroll'd from door to door;
To idle servants for a bit of meat,
Of frogs, by mice, rehears'd the droll defeat;
Or fretful children order'd to compose,
The finest tales of his *Odyssey* chose.
But if the Master of the house inclin'd,
With hearing music, to unbend his mind,
Great

Great Homer then call'd forth his lofty strains,
 Sung men and gods at war on Ilion's plains,
 And got, perhaps, a shilling for his pains.

The reptile Ivy, naturally weak,
 A wise ambition prompts support to seek ;
 Near some high wall, or lofty turret, springs,
 Wreaths round the one, or to the other clings;
 Fed by their moisture, by their strength sus-
 tain'd,
 It shoots expansive, till the summit's gain'd,
 Instructs each bard to court the friendly aid
 Of some more serious beneficial trade.

TO
MONEY.

WRITTEN IN 1760.

*Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
 Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.*

TIBULL.

THE Lover's senses equal throbbing feel,
 Whether he sees his fair in dishabile,
 Or when full dress each heighten'd beauty shews
 To rival belles, and complimenting beaux :
 So when my trembling hands your person seize,
 And eager grasp you with a loving squeeze ;
 Guinea,

Guinea, or Shilling, you attract my sight,
 More than the silver majesty of night,
 Or ev'n the god whose golden rays give light. }
 Neither is this insatiate passion less,
 When you in paper whimsically dress;
 Tho' at so thin a garment many laugh,
 And think your reputation not quite safe.

Tho' many lovers hate the blaze of light,
 And hold their assignations in the night;
 When sleep and silence the creation hush,
 And, day extinguish'd, spares the virgin's blush:
 I won't receive you darkling to my arms,
 But in broad day explore your sterling charms;
 Left I, as Jacob was of old, be bit,
 And not fair Rachel, but blear'd Leah get.

Sage Cato, say the writers of his life,
 Lent to a childless friend his fertile wife.
 I'll lend you too, and so far imitate }
 The Roman; but my friend must not forget, }
 Mine are the yellow boys you procreate. }
 But when we wed, think not to lead the life,
 Or of the French, or ev'n the British wife.
 Much of the Spanish caution I approve,
 And with a padlock will secure my love:
 No other pleasures shall my heart engage,
 Nor shall my passion suffer, ev'n from age:
 Lon-

Longevity, (tho' passing strange, 'tis true,) Shall but increase my eagerness for you ;
 And years on years accumulating prove
 So many fresh auxiliaries to love.
 So that should Time his hated gifts bestow,
 The palsied hand, shrill voice, and head of snow,
 Old as Tithonus, and as helpless too,
 I, notwithstanding, shall make much of you.

THE

SIGNS DISCONTENTED.

WRITTEN IN 1760.

THE Signs inquir'd why Jove had not,
 In Heav'n, a stock of females laid in,
 And but one woman there had brought,
 Who was, provoking, still a maiden ?

Bluntly the Ram set forth, that he
 Often had cast a sheep's eye at her ;
 Aquarius represented, she
 Had often made his teeth to water.

B

The

The Bull wou'd have the god to know,
 Either he would no longer stay there;
 Or, if he did not get a cow,
 In faith he wou'd Pasiphae her.

Poor Virgo, how to please them all
 Being really at a loss to know,
 To Sagittarius said, I shall
 Have more than two strings to my bow.

Nay, if to them I should prove kind,
 Others would make the same request:
 Shall I be with a scorpion join'd?
 Or take a cancer in my breast?

A

CONVERSATION WITH CUPID.

WRITTEN IN 1760.

ONE day, where winding Liddo stream'd,
 As I a fishing stood,
 I spy'd a boy who busy seem'd
 In cutting of my wood.

In

In hafte, away my rod I threw,
The childish thief to feize:
You forward rascal, how dare you
Destroy my growing trees?

The waggish puppy nothing fpake,
But fmil'd, and fhook a bow;
Then I discover'd my miftake,---
O Cupid, is this you?

The fame;---my arrows all are fpent,
I have not one to fhoot;
So, by your leave, good Sir, I meant
My quiver to recruit.

I did not know you when I fpoke
Th' uncivil words I us'd;
Nor afh, my boy, nor beech, nor oak,
To you fhall be refus'd.

But will you, Cupid, drop the art
Which does the world much hurt?
To pierce poor fellows thro' the heart
Is fure a favage fport.

See, how in Liddo's limpid ftream
The sportive fifhes leap;

I'd have you try the wat'ry game,
And lure them from the deep.

A fishing-rod I'll make your bow,
These strings shall be a line ;
For hooks (if arrows' points won't do,)
I'll give you some of mine.

I'd but an aukward angler be,
No more, then, if you please;
Blind as I am, yet I can see
You grudge me a few trees.

Take back now what I've got, he said,
Then let an arrow fly;
Deep was the cruel wound it made,
And deeply did I sigh.

Sharp as the first, another strikes;
In grief and pain I fled :
Fool that I was, to give him sticks
Wherewith to break my head.

CUPID,

CUPID,

PATIENT TO DR TAYLOR,

THE CELEBRATED OCCULIST.

WRITTEN IN 1760.

Amor est medicabilis arte.

OVID.

GREAT Sir, a love-sick fwain applies
To your unerring art;
By op'ning a blind strippling's eyes,
You'll heal an aching heart.

If at your chambers he appears,
Him, by these marks, you'll know;
His arrows on the left he bears,
And on the right, his bow.

Give entrance to the wicked elf,
Tho' he pretend he's poor;
Many a one, besides myself,
Will club to pay his cure.

But, as he is a naughty boy,
You must take special care,

Your

Your instruments, ere you employ,
To make him vow and swear,

By Cytherea's charming face,
Her chariot, and her doves ;
Her zone too, and her looking-glass,
And all the little loves ;

That if the blessings of the fight
On him your hands bestow,
Whene'er he does enjoy the light
He'll archery forego.

Aside his bow and arrows laid,
His quiver and his darts,
He'll follow some more lawful trade,
Than that of wounding hearts.

VERSES TO MISS —

WRITTEN IN 1760.

ON

A BLANK LEAF OF FRAGMENTS OF IRISH POETRY,

PUBLISHED BY MACPHERSON.

WHAT fine soft things have Highland Poets said,
Of Connal's love, and Minvané the maid !
Sweet as the vernal zephyr was their breath,
Their breasts like snow that floats upon the heath:
Of their bright eyes, tho' keen, yet mild the pow'r,
Like stars, whose lustre vibrates thro' a show'r:
But where, in times so barbarous and old,
Forms so divine could Highland bards behold ?
Sure these unpolish'd daughters of the hill
Could not their minds with such ideas fill.
No, Highland bards, when they sat down to write,
Summon'd th' assistance of the second sight:
Its magic bade, before their wond'ring eyes,
The loveliest of our modern fair ones rise ;
From her, of beauty they their notions drew,
And so describ'd, prophetically,—you.

ON

ON
STRANGE'S PRINT
OF
APOLLO REWARDING MERIT.

WRITTEN IN 1760.

Is this the god from whom young Daphne fled,
And life resign'd, to be esteem'd a maid?
Groundless her fears, and foolish was her flight,
If Guido paint, or Strange engrave aright.
Immodest print, what female eye can bear it!
Bring, bring a leaf, to hide a want of merit.

THE
BEST ARGUMENT.

WRITTEN IN 1772.

As Phœbus Daphne eagerly pursu'd,
In terms improper he the Virgin woo'd;
Of his accomplishments, a tedious list
He gave her, but omitted much the best.

Why,

Why, cry'd he panting, why so swiftly run?
Rash nymph, consider who he is you shun:
Poets my favour constantly implore,
And me musicians, as their god, adore.
Daphné astonish'd thinks the god but raves,
Poets to her, are sorry, shabby knaves,
She deems musicians infinitely worse,
So sees no reason to suspend her course.
Yet halt, (he added) halt, unthinking maid,
Yet, yet reflect of whom you are afraid,
From my invention sprang the healing art,
I to physicians all their skill impart;
The word Physicians fill'd the girl with dread,
And made her scamper with redoubl'd speed.
His vain addresses thus Apollo paid,
Nor touch'd the topic, certain to persuade:
Had he suggested, Daphné, see I'm young;
I'm handsome, Daphné, stately, blooming, strong,
The fair convinc'd, had stopp'd the tiresome race,
And turn'd obsequious her bewitching face*.

* This is an imitation from Fontenelle.

VERSES

WRITTEN IN 1760.

ON

A BLANK LEAF OF PRIOR'S POEMS.

MATTHEW PRIOR to me, 'tis perfectly plain,
 Deserves to be reckon'd the British Fontaine;
 And De la Fontaine can never go higher
 Than being esteem'd the French Matthew Prior.

*THE WALK.*WRITTEN IN 1760.

Soon as grave ev'ning's cooling shades descend,
 Silent and calm, the proper season comes
 For rural contemplation. Now the hind,
 His labour finish'd, sits before his door
 Fondling his child: uneasy heifers now
 Low for the milking-pail; and yonder sheep,
 Obedient,

Obedient, hasten to th' accustom'd fold ;
A pleasant fight, yet not without its pain
To him who weighs in the impartial scale
Of reason and humanity, the wrongs
These innocents endure. Warm in their wool,
And nourish'd with their milk, we seek their
blood,
And now they fatten for the butcher's knife,
Misanthropy's strong argument ! O ! thou
That, unallay'd, would country pleasures taste,
Let others of their beef and mutton boast,
Fed on their grounds, and slaughter'd at their
seats,

But purchase thou, if needs thou must devour ;
For 'tis to murder worse, than share the spoil.
Shall thy fine villa, rear'd with so much taste,
Bear a resemblance in its poorest part,
To loathsome dens of savage beasts of prey,
Which blood and bones, and skins of cattle slain,
Disfigure, and make hideous to the sight ?

Yet let us not objections, dark and rash,
In melancholy mood, too much indulge ;
These and their fellow brutes, compar'd with us,
Have not the harder lot ; nor do they feel
Severer usage from mankind, than man.

What bloody havock, in the human race,
Heroic war accomplishes ! What woes

The slave-trade, ev'n, ev'n by generous Britons driv'n!

Ambition, avarice, and various ills
Allow'd to rage and ravage on the earth!

*The whole creation groans**! as well exclaim'd

The man of Tarsus, and from that remark
Consolatory consequences flow;

That all the living creatures, which compose
The wond'rous links of being's endless chain,
Now struggle through existence, in a state
Imperfect and progressive, that awaits

The final consummation; when, on them,
Felicity eternal and complete,

Shall be bestow'd by Him whose goodness call'd
Them forth into existence. This my creed,
Tho' stigmatiz'd as heretic by priests.

Such meditations elevate the eye
To yonder clouds, that glow with diff'rent hues,
And into shapes fantastic are transform'd;
Which, when events, important to the world,
Arrive or are expected, to the crowd,
Timid and superstitious, bear the form
Of fortresses demolish'd, spectres huge,
Or mighty hosts embattl'd. Terrors vain!

* Epist. to the Romans, chap. viii. ver. 9.

Which

Which the sagacious nat'ralist derides :
 Yet not his telescopic eyes can pierce
 Th' impenetrable medium, or explore
 The habitations that beyond them lie.

O ! were but mine assisted to attain
 Such intuition ! thee I should behold,
 Paternal Spirit, from this globe withdrawn
 By fate's severe and premature decree ;
 Sure the sublimest, happiest abode,
 For thee, thy life, thy labours have obtain'd.
 Absurd to figure, that the sod of grass,
 The chest of wood, or monument of stone,
 Could shut thee up in everlasting night.
 The heav'n-born essence unrestrain'd would burst
 The subterraneous prison, and on wings
 Of indignation join its kindred sky.

EPITAPH,

 LATIN

EPITAPH,

FOR THE LATE

 PROFESSOR *MACLAURIN*.

Infra situs est

COLIN MACLAURIN,

Mathes. olim in Acad. Edin. Prof.

Electus ipso Newtono suadente.

Hunc lapidem posuit filius,

Non ut nomini paterno consulat,

Nam tali auxilio nil eget,

Sed ut in hoc infelici campo,

Ubi Luctus regnant et Pavor,

Mortalibus prorsus non absit Solatium :

Hujus enim scripta evolve,

Mentemque tantarum rerum capacem,

 Corpori caduco superstitem crede.

The above was inscribed on his Tomb, the following one in English, was once intended for it.

ENGLISH.

ENGLISH.

Below is interred

Professor COLIN MACLAURIN.

Not to perpetuate his memory,

In no danger of oblivion,

Was this stone raised by his Son;

But that, when traversing these mansions of

the Dead,

In appearance so humiliating,

The living might pause to reflect

On characters that do honour to mankind.

Go, and, meditating on the Great and Good,

Reverence Human Nature,

Respect yourself,

Nor harbour the comfortless opinion,

That there is no hope beyond the grave.

ENNUI.

 ENNUI.

 WRITTEN IN 1760.

HIS race September has not run,
 And the worst weather is begun;
 How forcibly the pelting rain
 Belabours ev'ry rattling pane,
 While, thro' the parlour-door, the wind
 Howls, as if devils were behind.

I need not think, my heart to cheer
 With flatt'ring hopes, the sky will clear;
 'Tis after twelve, and very plain,
 His *highbness* won't be soon *serene*;
 And therefore, 'tis beyond a doubt,
 I, like the Starling, can't get out *;
 But, by the parlour fire must fret,
 And, while contend the wind and wet,
 Cry, O! my country! in a pet:
 Or, like the mariner distress'd,
 Against the hurricane protest,

 * See the Sentimental Journey.

Because

Because this rain completely rots
 My long-endanger'd wheat and oats :
 As for my second crop of clover,
 All, long ago, with it is over.
 Inventive Fancy! kindly say,
 How shall I pass this tedious day?
 Read—for a week from morn to night
 I've read, till I have hurt my sight.

'Tis strange, that neighbours visit rather
 In pleasant, than in stormy weather:
 I must acknowledge, that such course is
 Good for postilions and for horses ;
 But certainly, 'tis not a measure
 Conducive to the master's pleasure.

They tell you---Come, the day is fine,
 Let's go to such a house and dine ;
 Although the fineness of the day
 A motive be to stay away.
 But when with clouds obscur'd the sun,
 When winds in wild disorder run,
 Why, what the deuce is to be done?
 But play at cards, backgammon, chess,
 Until the boist'rous bluster pass.

Indeed, among my neighbours all,
 I don't expect a soul to call ;

D

For,

For, till the weather chuse to vary,
 I know I shall be solitary,
 Good Heavens! what will deliver me
 From the tormentor, *Ennui*!
 The French expression you'll excuse,
 It, from necessity, I use:
 From it, the English feel more pain
 Than any other race of men;
 It haunts incessantly their thoughts,
 Nay, sometimes makes them cut their throats;
 And yet the language can't afford,
 T'express the sentiment, a word.

Man, 'twas the purpose of your birth
 To make a bustle on the earth;
 For dozing indolence, your kind
 By nature's God was not design'd,
 Hence your activity of mind,
 Which, soon as unemploy'd, you see,
 Becomes a prey to *Ennui*.

I reckon, to beguile the time,
 My best expedient is to rhyme;
 Since it is no uncommon thing
 For angry folks to try to sing.

Sweet muse! whose ever cheerful lay
 Has often chas'd the spleen away,

Hush'd

Hush'd the disturbing voice of care,
 And sooth'd vexation and despair;
 'Twas once my happiness to rove
 With thee in the sequester'd grove,
 Or, stretch'd the riv'let's bank along,
 Enraptur'd listen to thy song;
 Thee I invoke, deliver me
 From the tormentor, Ennui.

"The zephyrs, gentle breezes, fled,
 "The trees their wither'd honours shed,
 "Chill winter now begins to frown,
 "'Tis time that you were back to town."

I go, I go—but though unkind
 The sun has been, and rude the wind;
 Though big with over-rattling show'rs
 The firmament at present low'rs,
 Yet with slow step, and aching heart,
 From my sweet villa I depart.

Study, not wedded to his book,
 Ease, faunt'ring by the babbling brook,
 Health, deck'd in ev'ry native grace,
 Though exercise has tann'd her face,
 Inhabits this delightful place.
 Polluted love, debauch'd excess,
 Proud luxury, pale wretchedness,
 Yon smoke-clad Capital distress.

Trees ! though your naked boughs I see,
 Won't any longer shelter me;
 Brooks ! though, increas'd beyond all bounds,
 You ravage the adjacent grounds ;
 Still pleas'd I your appearance view,
 And bid you all in tears adieu.
 Six months I shall from you be torn,
 Perhaps I never may return.

Th' assaults of Death I've long withstood,
 This winter he may make them good ;
 Yet not ev'n his resistless might
 Shall us for ever disunite.

'Tis long, since I took care to mark,
 A fav'rite corner in the park,
 Where, if possess'd of it, I die,
 My bones I am resolv'd shall lye.
 There will I slumber time away
 'Till rous'd at the tremendous day :
 Or, if a not unfeeling state
 Is to the dead allow'd by fate,
 Oft, at the silent close of even',
 I'll trip it o'er the flow'ry green ;
 Glide thro' the avenue, and scud
 Along the margin of the flood.
 No servant old, or man, or beast,
 From my approach shall shrink the least ;

To

To make them fatished I strive,
 'Tis my delight to see them thrive;
 Hence, if they meet my friendly shade,
 They'll be surpriz'd, but not afraid.

Mistaken mortal! why complain
 In such a sad and solemn strain?
 Embrace with joy Vicissitude,
 It constitutes your greatest good,
 And, trust the muse, variety
 Is the sole cure for Ennui.

ON

JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

IN love with a pedantic jargon,
 Our poets, now a-days, are far gone;
 Hence he alone can read their songs
 To whom the gift of tongues belongs;
 Or who, to make him understand,
 Keeps Johnson's lexicon at hand,
 Which an improper name has got,
 He should have dubb'd it *Polyglot*.

Be

Be warn'd, young poet, and take heed
 That Johnson you with caution read;
 Always attentively distinguish
 The Greek and Latin words from English;
 And never use such, as 'tis wise
 Not to attempt to nat'ralize.
 Suffice this trifling specimen
 To make the admonition plain:

 Little of *anthropopathy** has he
 That in yon *fulgid* curricule reclines
 Alone, while I, *depauperated* bard!
 The streets *pedestrious* scour; why with *bland*
 voice
 Bids he me not his *vegetation* share?
 Alas! he fears my *lacerated* coat,
 And visage pale, with *frigorific* want,
 Would bring *dedecoration* on his chaise.

Me miserable! that th'Aonian hill
 Is not *auriferous*, nor fit to bear
 The *farinaceous* food, support of bards,
Carnivorous but seldom; that the soil
 Which Hippocrene *humeclates*, nothing yields,
 But *steril* laurels, and aquatics four.

* This, and all the other hard words that follow, are to
 be found in the Dictionary.

To *dulcify* th' *absinthiated* cup
 Of life, receiv'd from thy *novercal* hand,
 Shall I have nothing muse? to *lenify*
 Thy heart indurate shall poetic woe
 And plaintive *ejulation* nought avail?

Riches *desiderate* I never did,
 Ev'n when in mood most *optative*: a farm,
 Little, but *arboreous*, was all I ask'd.
 I, when a rustic, would my *blatant* calves
 Well-pleas'd *ablaetate*, and delighted tend
 My *gemellip'rous* sheep, nor scorn to rear
 The strutting turkey, and the strepent goose;
 Then to *dendrology* my thoughts I'd turn;
 A fav'rite care shou'd *borticulture* be,
 But most of all wou'd *geoponics* please.

While *ambulation* thoughtless I protract
 The tir'd sun *appropinquates* to the sea,
 And now my *arid* throat, and *latrant* guts
 Vociferate for supper; but what house
 To get it in gives *dubitation* sad.
 O! for a *turgid* bottle of strong beer,
 Mature for *imbibition*; and O! for—
 (Dear object of *hiation*!) mutton-pye*.

ELEGY.

* On this burlesque piece being shewn Dr Johnson, when
 in Edinburgh, along with many other of the same kind, he
 expressed

 ELEGY.

 WRITTEN IN 1760.

NOR Hammond's love, nor Shenstone's was sincere,

For they, though poor, to high-born maids
laid claim ;

A handsome house-maid causes my despair,
And *Nelly*, not *Ne-er-a*, is her name.

What though, devoid of all coquettish care,
Bare-footed she, except on Sundays, goes,
To wash her hands forgets, and comb her hair,
Nor with her fingers scorns to blow her nose:

On ev'ry feature, and on ev'ry limb,
Beauty and strength have lavish'd all their care;
A food too rich is skim-milk cheese, for him
That would with her the city-flirt compare.

expressed himself thus, according to his biographer Mr Boswell, " This (said he) is the best. But I could caricature my own style much better myself." Johnson's Life. 8vo. edit. vol. II. p. 236.

In

In vain, to win her, proffer'd oft have I
 The gaudy ribbon, and the curious lace;
 In vain display'd, to her relentless eye,
 The guinea's seldom unsuccessful face.

Repuls'd, I often have indignant sworn;
 Some freedoms often struggl'd hard to force;
 But soon, too soon, severely check'd, foreborn,
 She, more enrag'd, and my reception worse.

The brimful milking-pail, the empty can,
 Th' unweildy besom, big with prickly fate;
 The nauseous mop, and hissing frying-pan,
 Have fall'n, vindictive, on my guardless pate.

Yet I, infatuate! pursue her still;
 Happy to lurk, insidious, and unseen,
 Among the willows, nurslings of the rill,
 That sweetly flows harmonious, through the
 green :

For there, with forcible alternate tread,
 From the soak'd linen ev'ry stain to press,
 The tub-inclos'd, and unsuspecting maid,
 Furls, unasham'd, th' impediments of dress.

This scene augments my ardour to proceed,
 Nor from the heart her cruelty to me ;

Nay, she acknowledg'd once it did proceed,
Not from dislike, but diff'rence of degree.

'Tis true; for, tho' she spurns my fond address,
Yet to her equals is no coyness shown;
She, unconstrain'd, will Tom the gard'ner kiss;
Toy, romp, and wanton with the ploughman
John.

Heav'n knows, for thee, sole mistress of my heart!
I to the meanest station would descend;
Drive, whistling, chearfully the coal-fraught
cart,
Or butter-milk from uncour'd barrels vend.

Pleas'd with my weekly meal, and daily wage,
My thatch-roof'd cottage, and turf-kindl'd
fire,
I would, contented, steal from youth to age,
Nor envy once the heiress-married squire.

By thee rejected, me my fields no more,
No more my variegated gardens please;
I loath my green-house, so admir'd before,
And, undelighted, wander thro' my trees.

Since I, in grief, must pine my youth away,
If disappointed of this modest maid;

How

How weak, how foolish, is it to delay
The low, but lovely villager to wed.

What would my parents, what my kindred say,
What defamation would I undergo,
At rout, ball, concert, opera, and play,
The jest of every fortune-hunting beau !

No four-wheel'd chaise, of nice new-fashion'd
shape,
Would ever stop at my dishonour'd house ;
Nor well-dress'd footman, with tremendous rap,
Announce a visit to my humble spouse.

Fond youth ! t' indulge the mean idea cease ;
A flame disgraceful to extinguish strive ;
And be resign'd, when, of the jolly piece,
A country wedding shall thy hopes deprive.

A

SONG

INSCRIBED TO

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

ON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AS A LAWYER BEFORE THE GENERAL
ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN 1770.

I.

SURE great was the folly
In him whom Paoli
His friendship permitted to share;
To go for a Guinea,
Dear Boswell, what mean ye
To plead at so humble a bar?

II.

Zounds, the whole shire of Ayr
Quite astonish'd will stare,
And thus will indignant exclaim:---
Shall he make orations
To aid presentations!
The blockhead is greatly to blame.

III.

The Lords* of the Session
Will fall in a passion,

* The Fifteen Scotch Judges.

And that is too easily done ;
 While your friends at Auchinleck*,
 With their hearts like to break,
 Will call you unnatural son.

IV.

The wicked and godly
 Here jumbl'd so oddly,
 For once will agree, I'm afraid,
 That good honest Boswell
 By no means has chose well,
 Or rather mistaken his trade.

V.

You'll bluster and hector
 Without contradictor,
 Since all other pleaders are gone ;
 But, softly, who knows, if
 Good honest plain Joseph†,
 With practising here yet is done :

VI.

Therefore, Boswell, 'tis clear,
 You had better appear
 The elders' *unruly* among ;
 Be sure you stick close by
 Our friend, Andrew Crosby‡,
 Or else you'll be damnably wrong.

* Pronounced Affleck.

† Mr Joseph Williamfon, who had great practice as a Lawyer before this Court.

‡ A Scotch Barrister.

A

BIRTH-DAY ODE,

IN HONOUR OF

THE LATE MR ANDREW CROSBY,

A CELEBRATED SCOTCH BARRISTER.

SET TO MUSIC, AND PERFORMED BY THE LATE LORD KELLY, AND
OTHER GENTLEMEN, AT HIS HOUSE ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

I.

Of January the sixth,
High Heav'n's decree had fix'd
For this our Hero's birth;
When all the Gods, who knew that Fate
Had will'd him to be wond'rous great,
To see him came to Earth.

II.

Their Glories they all laid aside,
Before they would enter the room,
Else the Nurse and the Babe too had died,
For mortals such splendours consume:
Witness Semele's fate,
Who wish'd, when too late,
That, by vanity fir'd,
She ne'er had desir'd
Great Jove to carefs her in state.

Such

III.

Such mischief to prevent, Jove took the mien
and dress

Of him who at the time was Provost of Dumfries;

Bacchus a Vinter's shape assumes,

In garb of Midwife Venus comes ;

And tho' the fair Astrea swore,

Earth she would never visit more,

Yet this Boy's appearance prevails ;

The Goddess allows

The rashness of vows,

And hies, not forgetting her scales.

Then, all in Muslin white array'd,

She personates a servant-maid ;

Distributing both cake and caudle

To Gods that stood around the cradle ;

Who, not to hurt the infant's eyes,

Dress in some very plain disguise.

IV.

Soon as the Baby's rosy face,

Espy'd the God of wine,

He cried, transported with amaze,

“ This darling must be mine.

“ In time, when he robust shall grow,

“ At ev'ry Bacchanalian show

“ He shall adorn my train :

“ His features, colour, air, and shape,

“ Predict a knowledge of the grape

“ Few mortals can attain.

“ Then,

“ Then, Jove, I insist,
 “ You grant this request,
 “ That sacred to Wine he remain.”

v.

He ended,---and the Cyprian Queen
 Advanc'd with eyes like lightning keen;
 Her fair hand on the Infant laid,
 And then, with much emotion, said:
 “ What! shall it be this Infant's fate,
 “ To bumper hard, and sit up late,
 “ Companion of Silénus?
 “ Forbid it, all ye Pow'rs above:---
 “ No, he shall spend his life in Love,
 “ A votary of Venus.
 “ I see his passion for the Fair,
 “ A stately fabric see him rear:
 “ See pillars, which his taste adorns
 “ With curling emblematic horns*:
 “ Ah! rash youth, say, what do you mean?
 “ Since you've horns there without,
 “ 'Tis surely past all doubt,
 “ When married, you'll have them within.”

vi.

While Venus thus strove
 To gain mighty Jove,

* Alluding to a superb house Mr Crosby built in Edinburgh.

The Goddess of Justice stepp'd in ;
 A look of her eye
 Made both to stand bye,
 And thus did her pleading begin :
 " Nor Bacchus, nor the Cyprian Dame,
 " Have to this infant any claim ;
 " In bustle, and in strife,
 " He wrestle must thro' life :
 " I hear him plead,
 " Tho' all unfee'd,
 " With utmost energy of soul,
 " For litigants on the poor's roll :
 " Most causes his arguments carry,
 " While eager he raves,
 " For all sorts of knaves,
 " Before the Grand Justiciary*.
 " Against fix'd Fate don't obstinately draw,
 " This fav'rite child devoted is to Law."

VII.

Then all the three with fondness hawl'd
 The child, who, thus tormented, squall'd ;
 But Jove, alarm'd, at his peril
 Interpos'd, and quell'd the quarrel :
 " Peace, he cried, to your scolding peace,
 " Your empty declamation cease,

* The Supreme Criminal Court in Scotland.

“ Why bluster thus and brawl ?

“ I’m very, very glad,

“ There’s enough of the lad

“ To satisfy you all.

VIII.

“ You must know, Saturn sons had three,

“ Roaring Neptune, Pluto, me,

“ Co-heirs of the creation ;

“ While we neglected to divide,

“ Our contests never would subside,

“ But all was perturbation.

“ At last it came across our thoughts,

“ Each for a portion should cast lots.

“ At hazard, Neptune won the Sea,

“ The Firmament cast up to me ;

“ The subterraneous realms of Hell

“ By chance to gloomy Pluto fell.

“ Then suffer, by a dividend,

“ That I the competition end :

“ Goddess of Justice, thou shalt gain

“ The sole possession of his brain ;

“ His mouth to Bacchus we consign,

“ (Moisten it constantly with wine ;)

“ Venus, indulge not thou despair,

“ For thou shalt have the better share.”

IX.

Then Jove aside the cradle’s curtains drew,

And, with the lovely babe expos’d to view,

He,

He, with a voice that shook the room,
Thus thunder'd forth the infant's doom:

" 'Tis order'd, boy, Law, Love, and Wine,
" Shall thy strange cup of life compose;
" But tho' the three are all divine,
" The last shall be thy darling doze.

ELEGY

ON

PATRONAGE.

WRITTEN, 17 MAY 1771.

IN vain for me the linnet tunes his throat;
In vain the black-bird carols from the spray;
In vain the cuckoo chants his waggish note,
And lovely flow'rs enliven am'rous May:

For mists*, so hostile to Pomona's bow'r;
The air unwholsome, and inclement sky;
The breeze unkindly, and unfruitful show'r,
Proclaim the *Scottish convocation*† nigh.

* The weather is extremely hazy and rainy in Scotland, during the month of May, in which the Assembly meets.

† The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Content I would abandon calm repose ;
Content the most unpleasing tasks perform,
If sure to vanquish our fanatic foes,
Who now attempt our strongest holds to
storm.

Freedom their van with thund'ring voice com-
mands,
With heart of steel, and unsubdu'd by fear;
Bold, tho' unarm'd, *Truth* in their center stands,
And grave *Religion* animates the rear.

O *Patronage!* divinity severe !
Fairer than Pallas, heathen-worshipp'd far,
Assume the *Ægis*, grasp the fatal spear,
And call thy friends and family to war.

Call *Despotism* first, thy dreadful fire,
Who thee on young *Impiety* begot;
And strutting *Insolence* in gay attire,
And *Persecution* in his bloody coat.

So all thy mad opposers shalt thou crush,
Who now thy high prerogative arraign ;
Tread out triumphantly the *burning bush*,
Till not one spark of *Liberty* remain.

THOUGHTS

ON

DIVORCES.

IN these bad times, when, ev'ry day,
 We here some wife has gone astray;
 When separations, and what's worse,
 Relentless judgments of divorce,
 Pronounc'd by rev'rend Commissary*,
 Hinder our batchelors to marry;
 You will not grudge a little room
 For some few thoughts on Cuckoldom.
Pro aris useful they're *et focis*,
 And full of *seria mixta jocis*;
 Hence in your Magazine a place
 They claim with a resistless grace;
 Tho' their sublimity not reaches
 The height of Nash nor Allen's speeches,
 Wilkes will acknowledge them well meant,
 And on them favourably squint:
 As for his friend, the Parson Horne,
 I'm sure he wont the subject scorn.

* The Commissary Court in Scotland, which consists of three Judges, and has an exclusive jurisdiction in all cases of divorces.

The famous nat'ralist Buffon,
Who, by the bye, is seldom wrong,
Publish'd an essay years ago,
In language eloquent to shew:

That creatures of the feather'd class,
The beasts, in morals, far surpass.
There's not a single quadruped
That's faithful to the marriage-bed,
But to it, save the sly cuckoo,
There's not a single bird untrue.
The reason is, each feather'd pair
Must, by the laws of nature, share
Excessive toil and constant care;
Both male and female must assist
To find materials for the nest;
She, without intermission, sit,
To keep the eggs in genial heat:
While he abroad must often fly,
The needed nurture to supply;
And at his leisure hours prolong
The soothing sweet connubial song.
But when their callow young appear,
Both must contribute them to rear;
Both teach them with parental care,
To seek their elemental air.
Thus, common labour must improve,
And strong attachment add to love;
But

But if they nothing had to do,
They would have their divorces too.

To prove the truth of what I say,
Your poultry in the yard survey :
By you with nests they are supplied,
You choicest food for them provide.
What is the consequence? you see
They're lewd in an extreme degree,
The court's a perfect coterie.
Nay, worse; for oft I see with pain
A drake in dalliance with a hen;
And, which all modesty must shock,
Crim. con. 'twixt goose and turkey-cock.

This history of birds you'll find
Affords instruction to mankind;
And he must have but little sense
Who cannot draw the inference.
Dame Luxury, or I mistake her,
Is much the ablest cuckold-maker.
Do, therefore, take the friendly hint,
A cuckold be—but be content.

PRO AND CON.

OCASIONED BY AN ORDER OF THE COURT OF SESSION FOR EXPUNGING A
PASSAGE IN A PETITION, STATING, THAT THE LORD ORDINARY HAD
FOUND BOTH PRO AND CON; HE HAVING VARIED IN HIS INTERLOCUTORS,

Soon as the clerk had drawn the fatal score,
And rubb'd, with ink, their faces o'er and o'er;
After a bow to the presiding Judge,
Away the banish'd prepositions trudge,
As much forlorn as Adam was and Eve,
When they of lovely Eden took their leave.
Not that I would the Inner-house compare
To the sweet mansion of the happy pair,
I only signified that Con and Pro
Were not a little puzzl'd where to go.
They, in a doubtful and desponding mood,
Long, on the pavement near the statue*, stood;
But nor the royal monarch, nor his horse,
Could well advise them how to bend their course;
Nor could themselves agree, for well you know
The disputatious temper of the two:
At last they to a wise expedient came,
The case to canvass o'er a hearty dram;

* A statue of Charles II. erected before the Parliament House, where the Court of Session sits.

So into Peter's coffee-room* they went,
And thus proceeded to the argument :---

Dear Con, says Pro, tho' we're expell'd this
Court,

Yet to another ought we to resort ;
Sons of dispute, and brothers of the bar,
We long have wag'd a profitable war :
But now, when old, and our best blood decay'd,
In vain we would attempt another trade ;
The Sheriff-court is open to us still,
The Bailie, Admiral, and Dean of Guild ;
Let us but persevere in legal strife,
The rank inferior, but the same the life.

Pro, answer'd Con, 'tis long now, very long,
Since I have prov'd you always in the wrong :
The clerk of Session's damn'd deleting pen
Has stigmatiz'd us ten times worse than Cain !
So that inferior clerks must know us well again,
And will bedaub us as we were before ;
Few clerks can write, but ev'ry clerk can score.

Con, replied Pro, my disposition's such,
I never press an argument too much.

* A coffee-room adjoining the Parliament House.

If your proud spirit, unsubstu'd by fate,
 Disdains to plead in courts subordinate,
 Let us endeavour to keep the Supreme,
 And, for that purpose, instantly reclaim ;
 I but one difficulty can suggest,
 No *ratio decidendi* is exprest'd,
 And none, I fear, will easily be guess'd.

Pro, duplied Con, you may reclaim, 'tis true,
 But little hopes have I from a review ;
 As for the *ratio*, lately they thought fit
 To give *decree* against unlucky Wit,
 That he, from this, their house, immediately
 should flit.

And I suspect the Lords took us to be
 Some of his disaffected family.
 Tho' with that wag, connection we have none,
 But are, God knows, poor simple Pro and Con:
 Yet as our names are short exotic words,
 Another notion entertain'd the Lords.

Con, triplid Pro, another bumper fill,
 And let us join in a reclaiming bill.
 If you conjecture right, and Roman found,
 Be of the harsh decerniture, the ground,
 Well should the Judges think on what they
 do,
 Or dismal consequences may ensue ;

They

They must *officium nobile* discard,
And *tantum temporis* no more regard.
Great *avizandum's* self must surely go,
And transference lament his ravish'd *statu quo*.
But if the Lords, unalterably stiff,
To these alarming arguments be deaf;
By a translation we'll our names amend,
In English dress they surely wont offend,
For and *Against* will answer just as well;
Nay, better, I will venture to foretell.
So the Macgregors', not oblig'd to Fame,
Compell'd, by statutes, to suppress their name,
It for a nobler artfully exchange'd,
And thro' the world the thieves, as Grahams
and Drummonds, rang'd.

A
SONG.

Tune—"THE LAIRD OF ROSLIN'S DAUGHTER *,"

DREGHORN, 1774.

I.

LAIRD†, you must to the parish *kirk*‡,
 On either foot or horse,
 And hear from our good minister
 An excellent discourse ;
 A sermon and a lecture too,
 And that makes preachings *twa*|| ;
 And we'll take you to the back seat,
 And set you next the *wa*'§.

II.

'Tis seven years, oh lady fair,
 Since in the *kirk* I've been :
 So that I'm much ashamed now
 In it for to be seen.

* All the words in *italics* are old Scotch words.

† In Scotland, every gentleman who has any landed property, is called a Laird.

‡ Church.

|| Two

§ Wall.

If there to-day,
 Good folks will say,
 Oh, he's been long *awa'**;
 Else I'd go to the back seat,
 And there sit next the *wa'*.

III.

'Tis better late than ne'er to thrive,
 Judicious people say;
 And you have many reasons strong,
 To take you there to-day.
 Your sons shall in their short cloathes be,
 Your daughters very *bra*†;
 So you'll go to the back seat,
 And there sit next the *wa'*.

IV.

A sight of these dear little ones
 Is now no rarity;
 And much I fear, when in the *kirk*,
 They'll but bad hearers be.
 If them you send,
 They'll not attend,
 But always cry, Pappa;
 Else I'd go to the back seat,
 And there sit next the *wa'*.

V.

If you, our pretty family,
 (Preserve us, 'twould be odd)

* Away.

† Finely dressed.

Upon your Honour can't prevail
 To hear the word of God :
 Think, there Miss Jackie * you will see,
 Or else, perhaps, Stuart La' †;
 Then you'd go to the back seat,
 And set you next the *wa'*.

VI.

I've been too long a married man,
 My uncle to go see;
 And Jackie, tho' a charming nymph,
 Too many is for me.
 But there's your niece,
 A dainty piece,
 Who swallows peas-cods raw;
 So I'll not go to the back seat,
 Nor yet sit next the *wa'*.

VII.

Laird, 'tis a dozen years, and more,
 Since I have been your wife;
 And we have pass'd the time away,
 All undisturb'd by strife:
 Because you did
 Whate'er I bid,
 A look from me was law:
 So get you to the back seat,
 And there sit next the *wa'*.

* A then celebrated beauty. † A country Gentleman.

VIII.

The Laird set off directly,
 Being, justly, in a fright ;
 For, by his lady he was rul'd,
 Like Sir James Fowlis the knight.
 But, stepping o'er the burn*, he wet
 His legs *baith lang* and *sma'*†,
 Ere he got to the back feat,
 For to sit next the *wa'*.

IX.

But in another circumstance,
 Fate still was more unkind,
 For his short-sighted spectacles
 He chanc'd to leave behind.
 Hence, during a'‡ the preaching time,
 He no fair faces saw,
 Tho' many were in front seats,
 And many next the *wa'*.

* Brook. † Both long and small. ‡ All.

LAST SPEECH,

AND

DYING WORDS, OF A SOLDIER,

SUPPOSED TO BE EXECUTED FOR SHEEP-STEALING.

WRITTEN IN 1781.

Tune—"BESS, THE GAWKY."

YE who assembl'd here attend
 To witness my disgraceful end,
 An ear, not unpropitious, lend,
 To an old Soldier's story :
 Last war, when ev'ry hostile shore
 Shook with the British thunder's roar ;
 I, in successful battles, bore
 A part that gain'd me glory.

The French of India, East and West,
 By our exploits were dispossest'd ;
 And their commanders all confess'd,
 That they were beaten fairly :

But

But now the difference how great!
 We hardly match the Gallic Fleet:
 From Yankies our best troops retreat,
 And with a Congress parley.

Tho', by severity misled,
 Both Court and King will have me dead,
 The blood I for my country shed

Shall yet be my salvation.
 I die, expecting to go where
 Great Wolfe explores the starry sphere,
 And, looking downwards, drop a tear
 To see the alteration.

VERSES

ON THE

GATE OF THE SMALL INCLOSURE IN HOPE PARK,

BELONGING TO THE COMPANY OF ARCHERS.

APRIL 29, 1771.

UNTHINKING Archers! tell me, why secure
 With bolts, and bars, and locks, your painted
 door?

O! hear a wise man, who there daily walks,
 Who writes in numbers, and with freedom talks,

H

Con-

Consider, in this meadow's giddy round
 No kind retiring-place is to be found :
 For what can more provoke a lover's rage,
 Than the exposure of the paltry cage?
 Where now, alas! conceal the fearful maid?
 No hedge to screen her, and no tree to shade.

Then, by blind Cupid's never-erring bow,
 Your Gate, ye gen'rous Archers! open throw,
 So that no rains relax the bow-string's force,
 No winds disturb the whizzing arrow's course;
 But calm, fine weather, ever glad the park,
 And he who shoots be always near the mark.

Believe me too, if you this Gate shall ope,
 That lovers here will not ungrateful stop;
 No, trust me, friends, soon as their transports o'er,
 And they have lov'd, till they can love no more,
 With thankful hearts they shall, departing, vie,
 Who best can sing in praise of Archery.

THOUGHTS

OCCASIONED BY READING

L'HISTOIRE GÉNÉRALE DES VOYAGES.

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER 1772.

*Nequicquam Deus abscondit,**Prudens, oceano dissociabili**Terras, si tamen impia**Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.* HOR.

HEAV'NS! what a picture of mankind,
 In all accounts of them we find!
 Historians, ev'n of better times,
 Give but a catalogue of crimes,
 That influenc'd a Nation's fate,
 The perpetrators being great.
 All books of Voyages proclaim
 Men ev'ry where are much the same;
 In ev'ry clime, an easy prey
 To priestcraft and despotic sway;
 While love of money, vice, and pride,
 Their manners form, their actions guide.
 In short, each traveller confirms,
 Altho' not in explicit terms;

Yet by the facts he does relate,
(Than arguments of greater weight)
That Gulliver exactly drew,
And overcharg'd not the Yahoo.

'Tis doubtless true, that now and then
On earth appear some god-like men.
Yes, such enlighten ev'ry land,
Tho' scatter'd with a sparing hand,
So very sparing, that, alas!
For prodigies they almost pass.

Nature, 'twould seem, was not inclin'd
(And she thus far meant to be kind)
That men, of various tongues and hues,
By mingling, should the breeds confuse,
And to an interchange give rise
Of Luxury, Disease, and Vice;
Adjacent regions to divide,
She pour'd between 'em Ocean's tide.

But restless Man contriv'd, by art,
The well-intended plan to 'thwart;
The hollow vessel, scoop'd from wood,
He taught to plow the briny flood,
Which now, no longer causing fear,
Facilitates his bold career.

The

The first discov'ries were humane,
And gave no reason to complain ;
But then, what an accursed rout
Pursu'd that path they pointed out !
Rapacity, the shining ore
Soon tempted to the foreign shore ;
Him *Murder* follow'd, at whose back
Came *Torture*, with his wheel and rack ;
And *Slav'ry*, with his whip and chain,
And *Bigotry* was of the train,
Whose hands a crucifix uprear,
His shoulders fire and faggot bear.

'Mongst all inventions, none you'll trace
So hurtful to the human race.
Had *Gama*, less expert at sea,
To India miss'd the wat'ry way :
Had great *Columbus* fought in vain
Another world beyond the Main :
Their disappointment, you will find,
Had been a mercy to mankind.

Hot *Afric's* sons, in grief and pain,
Who toil to rear the sugar-cane ;
Th' unwarlike natives of *Bengal*,
Whom London citizens enthrall ;
Th' *Americans*, of ev'ry tribe,
To this position all subscribe.

Ev'n

Ev'n Europe cause has to repent,
Her sons on such adventures went.

By navigation we have found
The figure of the earth is round :
It has exotic means supply'd
To feast our palates and our pride ;
But men, who money have to spare,
Alone such rarities can share ;
While the distempers ships import
Devour alike the poorer sort.

The plague creates incessant fears,
And once in ev'ry hundred years
The desolating fiend appears.
The baneful gift of foreign trade,
What havoc has the small-pox made.
The great, perhaps, the greater curse,
All life impoisons in the source.
To tell which has been most by fate
Made use of to depopulate,
Wou'd call for calculation nice,
And that I leave to Doctor Price.

Discov'ries then, we may conclude,
Do mischief to the multitude.
To all but those whose wild desires,
Or luxury, or science fires ;

Hence

Hence there's no reason to regret,
That our wise Ministers of State
Wou'd absolutely not equip,
To carry *Banks*, a proper ship.
Had he detected, lucky dog!
Lands that have lain so long *incog*.
He had descry'd, in ev'ry brake,
Some monstrous quadruped or snake;
Some curious fish in ev'ry bay,
And wond'rous birds in ev'ry spray.

But from this hidden country, *Banks*
Had curses merited, not thanks;
Her sons, in thousands, had been slain,
Their freedom struggling to maintain;
Or, ravish'd from their native soil,
Condemn'd, as slaves, to endless toil.
Much, much, however, I admire
The dauntless spirit, gen'rous fire,
That led him, from his happy home,
O'er oceans unexplor'd to roam;
And when I see him meet with scorn,
My breast's with various passions torn;
As a Philosopher I'm sad,
As a Philanthropist I'm glad.

THE
STORY
OF
ZEYN ALASNAM, PRINCE OF BALSORA.

FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS.

WRITTEN IN 1770.

CANTO I.

THERE did (what signifies it when?)
A monarch o'er Balsora reign,
Than whom, no Sultan in the east
Seem'd ever more completely blest :
But was he happy, think you?---No !
A king can't possibly be so ;
Besides, altho' fair Fortune smil'd,
She still with-held a lawful child ;
His sole affliction this, and yet
It kept him always on the fret.
For, such man's disposition, tho'
A thousand blessings Heav'n bestow,
If but one comfort be deny'd,
He's peevish and dissatisfy'd.
The Queen, you'll easily believe,
Did no less than her consort grieve ;

She

She tried the power of magic spells,
 Jaunted to all the baths and wells;
 But their pretended virtues fail'd,
 And still her barrenness prevail'd.

At last (but by what means and ways
 No Asiatic author says)
 Her Highness got the business done,
 And was deliver'd of a son,
 Who, soon as into life he came,
 Had ZEYN ALASNAM for his name.

The guns were fir'd, the bells were rung,
Te Deum every parish sung;
 All strove, with marks of public joy,
 To hail the long-expected boy.

Nature had been employ'd too long
 In forming ZEYN to make him wrong;
 Such as his body was his mind,
 Where beauty was with strength combin'd.
 But ZEYN, like many an only son,
 By fond indulgence was undone.

He, when his fire forsook the stage,
 Approach'd to that unsettl'd age,
 At which, to gain the son of Jove,
 We're told that Vice and Virtue strove.

As ZEYN in pleasure life began,
 He to excess takes when a man;
 Consumes in riot, or at game,
 The precious hours his Viziers claim,
 His wealth exhausts with thoughtless haste,
 On various articles that waste,
 And show extravagance, not taste.

His mother warn'd him to restrain
 His squandering humour, but in vain:
 He spends his treasure, and that gone,
 Oppressive taxes next lays on.
 These fill'd the land with discontent,
 Their rage his grumbling subjects vent
 In pamphlets, that the odds express
 Between the former reign and this;
 The parents of their king compare
 To plants, that noble foliage wear,
 But poison is the fruit they bear:
 At last, *in plain Arabic*, tell,
 If further tax'd, they would rebel.

By clamours of his subjects stunn'd,
 By creditors impatient dunn'd,
 ZEYN found affairs grew daily worse,
 And was constrain'd to change his course:
 With jolly bacchanalian sound
 His ceilings now no more rebound;

No

No more the melting voice of Love
 Invites him to the myrtle grove:
 Monsters of frightful, fatal form,
 Attempt his palace gates to storm.
 Pale *Indigence*, a-kin to *Death*;
Contempt, that freezes with his breath;
 Gaunt *Desolation*, haggard-ey'd;
 And mad *Despair* and *Suicide*.

One night, that ZEYN's most constant guest,
Repentance, had him footh'd to rest,
 Sudden before his couch appears
 A rev'rend figure full of years,
 Apparell'd as a holy man,
 Who, in shrill accents, thus began:
 "Young prince! the God of nature chose
 "That principles, each others foes,
 "Should this our universe compose.
 "Thus Rest and Motion, Death and Life,
 "Maintain an unintermitting strife,
 "And ill alternating with good
 "Keeps mankind in vicissitude:
 "Of grief you've had your destin'd share,
 "To Egypt's capital repair,
 "Good fortune will attend you there."

Of what he had at midnight seen
 None ZEYN inform'd, except the queen,

Who much dissuaded th' expedition
 Suggested by an apparition ;
 But something noble in its eye
 Made ZEYN upon its words rely ;
 Hence, tho' his mother fumes and frets,
 Next day for Cairo off he sets.

That mighty town was far away.
 ZEYN travell'd many a weary day ;
 Thro' labyrinths of forest pass'd,
 But safely he arriv'd at last.

When he was fast asleep, the sprite
 Attends him as the former night,
 And thus awakes him in a fright,—
 “ I but to try you brought you here,
 “ Back to your capital repair,
 “ Good fortune will attend you there.”

The prince was ready to suppose
 The sprite maliciously jocose :
 But be that (thought he) as it may,
 In Egypt 'twere absurd to stay.

Tho' told that he had been deceiv'd,
 Smiling, the Queen her ZEYN receiv'd,
 And said, “ Son, henceforth, surely you
 “ Will own me wisest of the two.”

“ Hold,

“ Hold, answer’d ZEYN, I hope to-night
“ More satisfaction from the sprite.”
Just as he thought, at midnight came
The vision, wafted in a dream,
And thus, “ The patient and the brave,
“ ’Tis not my practice to deceive ;
“ To-morrow seek your father’s closet,
“ Altho’ your mother should oppose it,
“ Exhaustless treasures there are laid ;
“ Dig deep, search well, your fortune’s made.”

Next morn betimes the prince arose,
And forthwith to his mother goes ;
Tell’s Grey-beard had again been at him,
And what he said repeats *verbatim*.

The good old lady shook her head,
For still she thought her son missed :
“ You know (said she) the closet’s lin’d
“ With stones inimitably join’d ;
“ If there you dig, you’ll only toil
“ A curious piece of work to spoil ;
“ ’Tis an absurdity supreme,
“ To give such credit to a dream.”
ZEYN answer’d, “ Certainly ’twere wrong
“ In me, who have believ’d so long,
“ To scepticise, now that I’m told
“ This very house abounds in gold.”

This

This having spoke, away he hied,
A proper pick-axe to provide;
Which got, he opes the closet door,
And tries to raise the stony floor.
The flags were join'd with wond'rous art,
His Highness not at all expert;
So that, ere half the labour o'er,
His strength exhal'd at every pore.
Oft as he stopp'd to breathe, he'd swear,
That he the digging would forbear,
But curiosity and need
Prevail'd upon him to proceed.

At last, as he a cumbrous mass
Of pavement heav'd out of its place,
He saw a stone that lurk'd below,
As marble smooth, and white as snow;
This block he found conceal'd a door,
By a steel padlock made secure;
Which he with thund'ring blows attacks,
And soon it yielded to the axe.

The open'd door expos'd to sight
A stair-case, all of marble white,
That to a spacious chamber led,
Most whimsically furnished.
The floor with China tiles is laid,
The walls in chrystal glare array'd,

And

And in four equidistant rows
The chamber forty vases shows.
ZEYN took them to be full of wine,
And said, " 'Tis well, I sha'n't repine,
" The liquor cannot be but old,
" And that I once preferr'd to gold."
Then what were the contents he tries,
But how ecstatic his surprize,
When his bedazzled eyes behold
That every urn is full of gold.

He singles one the most replete,
And lays it at his mother's feet ;
Who scarcely can believe her eyes,
And straightway to the closet flies,
Precipitates down stairs, and turns
Out all the gold from all the urns ;
And cannot but for transport weep,
When she surveys the shining heap.

At last her joy somewhat subdu'd,
The chamber she attentive view'd,
And chanc'd a little urn to spy,
That had escap'd the prince's eye ;
But, on examination, he
At bottom found a golden key ;
" This key (observ'd the prudent mother)
" Must tally with some lock or other,
" Which

“ Which lock undoubtedly will lead
 “ To where yet greater treasure’s hid.”

So saying, she began to pore
 Along the wall to find a door ;
 One she espied, and with the key
 Unlock’d without difficulty.
 Now pass they to a chamber, bright
 With an unusual sort of light,
 Where they, with admiration, told
 Nine pedestals of massy gold ;
 Of which stupendous structures eight,
 Had each a diamond statue’s weight,
 Emitting party-colour’d rays
 That flash intolerable blaze !
 The ninth, tho’ higher than the rest,
 Was with no precious figure grac’d ;
 A piece of purple sattin spread,
 Conceal’d, in part, its flaming head,
 On which ZEYN this inscription read :---
 “ These noble images, my son,
 “ Were, by long toil and trouble, won ;
 “ But know, *the ninth* does them surpass,
 “ As much as they do common glass ;
 “ On the *ninth statue* set your heart,
 “ And in pursuit of it depart.
 “ To Cairo you must hie once more,
 “ Nor grudge tho’ you was there before ;

“ There

" There Morabec, a slave of mine,
 " Will faithful aid the great design,
 " And *the ninth statue* shall be thine." }

Long in a ruminating mood
 The prince and royal lady stood;
 But not his thought nor her's divines
 Th' enigma of the fatten lines.
 At last, ZEYN thus: " Say, Madam, say,
 " Shall I such orders disobey?
 " Still your assent will you deny,
 " With bigot infidelity?"

" No," said the Queen, " ALASNAM, no!
 " In quest of the dear object go:
 " Go, should you search from pole to pole,
 " Should seas in opposition roll,
 " Our Prophet's self shall be your guard,
 " And the ninth statue your reward."

CANTO II.

ATTENDED by a slave or two,
His journey ZEYN went safely thro':
When he was near the city gate
He stopp'd, an honest clown he met,
Entreating he would be so kind
As help him Morabec to find.
To him the clown: "His house you'll meet,
"Just as you've cross'd yon sloping street;
"Grand Cairo's self does not afford
"A wealthier or a worthier lord."

ZEYN readily admittance got,
And to my lord himself was brought,
Who that polite reception gave,
A noble stranger shou'd receive:
Him ZEYN acquainted with his name,
And that he from Balfora came,
And was the only son and heir
Of him who last was monarch there.

Here Morabec, with accents broken:
"Produce, young gentleman, a token,
"Whose

" Whose evidence, direct and fair,
" Will prove you such a son and heir:
" That monarch long did I attend
" At once a servant and a friend.

" 'Tis years now more than twenty-two,
" Since, with permission, I withdrew
" To this my much-lov'd native land,
" Where wealth and honours I command;
" But neither change of state nor place,
" His dear rememb'rance cou'd efface:
" 'Twou'd be consummate bliss to me
" My much-lov'd master's son to see;
" But, when I left the royal pair,
" They had no prospect of an heir."

Then ZEYN proceeded to unfold
The mystery of th' inurn'd gold,
And diamond statues, nor forgot
The lines upon the fatten wrote;
When, lost in pleasure and surprise,
Old Morabec, with streaming eyes:
" Prince, this recital fully proves
" Your birth, and every doubt removes;
" Convinc'd, and overjoy'd, I own
" You for my royal master's son.
" Me, and my all, to you I yield,
" (Submissive as he spoke, he kneel'd)

“Your fire much, but not freedom gave,
“And I continue still a slave.”
Here, interrupting, ZEYN rejoin’d,
“Good Morabec, you’re over kind;
“Can you imagine here I came,
“Your person or effects to claim?
“Because my father had forgot
“To make you free, unworthy thought!
“I the ninth statue wou’d possess,
“Of it enamour’d to excess.
“Instruct me how to gain it soon,
“I crave but that, no other boon.”
“Prince (said the slave) no easy task
“’Tis to accomplish what you ask;
“I know what blest retreats conceal
“That statue without parallel,
“But Difficulty and Dismay,
“And Death himself, are in the way.
“’Tis true, that to assist us stand,
“In readiness, a matchless band;
“Silence, old Wisdom’s favourite child;
“And Complaisance with aspect mild;
“Firm Fortitude with eagle eye,
“And Patience looking to the sky.
“But what th’ event, ’tis hard to guess,
“Whether destruction or success.
“Then hearken, prince, to my advice,
“For sake the dang’rous enterprize;
“Bal-

" Balfora's fertile plains obey
" Your gentle, tho' despotic sway ;
" Your subterraneous chambers hold
" Inestimable heaps of gold ;
" Return, enjoy th' exhaustless store,
" Nor tempt your fate by seeking more.
" Return, nor foolishly repine,
" Because eight statues are not nine."

" Shall I, by cowardice restrain'd,
" Neglect my father's last command ?
" (Exclaim'd the prince) good heav'n forbid,
" It were a kind of parricide.
" This statue does the rest surpass
" As far as they do common glass :
" Hence, whetted to the last degree,
" By mad'ning curiosity,
" That statue has my mind engross,
" To every other passion lost ;
" Nor grandeur's pomp, nor scepter'd pow'r,
" Nor wine, nor beauty's blooming flow'r,
" Cou'd its impression banish ; I
" That statue must obtain or die."
Submissive, Morabec agreed,
Upon the business to proceed,
And to refresh himself a day,
ZEYN was prevail'd upon to stay.

Next

Next morning, long ere chanticleer
Began his concubines to cheer,
To Morabec did ZEYN appear;
For domineering passions keep
The wretch they agitate from sleep.
Sagacious Morabec had guess'd
The prince would get but little rest,
And, by his orders, just at four
Both slaves and nags were at the door.
Their course the two together take,
Till stopp'd by an extensive lake,
When, on the wave-worn edge reclin'd,
Thus, Morabec disclos'd his mind :---
"Forthwith this ferry we must cross,
"You, for a boat, seem at a loss;
"But be not troubled, by and by
"A wond'rous vessel you'll descry,
"That, by a waterman, is row'd,
"Whose mien and manner are more odd;
"But mark me well, tho' doubtless you,
"Amaz'd, must th' apparatus view,
"Speak not; for soon as you pronounce
"A single word, we sink at once."
"No fear (cried ZEYN) do you but say
"What's to be done, and I'll obey."

While they were communing, afloat
They saw the strange-constructed boat;

Red

Red faunders seem'd to be the wood
From which this wherry had been hew'd;
An amber mast was in it plac'd,
With flag of purple sattin dress'd;
The rower was a frightful creature,
Such compound ne'er was form'd by nature;
An elephant and tiger join'd,
Made up this monster of no kind,
That gave the head, but this the rest,
Which stood the beast of prey confess'd;
With his proboscis round the waist
He took, and in the boat them plac'd;
And then, exerting sail and oar,
He quickly wafted them ashore;
His boat unloaded with his trunk,
Then instantaneously funk.

Here Morabec, on land that's dry,
Thus broke their taciturnity:—
“This happy and enchanted isle,
“Where spring and pleasure always smile,
“The king of Genii has of late
“Chose for his favourite retreat;
“’Tis he whose waterman and boat
“Us hither magically brought;
“’Tis he whose kindness can bestow
“The statue that transports you so:

“We

"We must advance a little way,
" 'Twere sure perdition here to stay."

Then on with cautious steps they pass,
Struck with the grandeur of the place,
Where rival art and nature vie
Whose labours most should beautify.

Screen'd by an aromatic wood,
The Genii's lofty palace stood ;
Of shining alabaster built,
And roof'd with china richly gilt ;
Each ornament resplendent shone,
For each was of some precious stone.

Before the massy golden gate
A company of Genii wait ;
Gigantic shapes ! whose clubs of steel
Intruders never miss to feel.
Soon as the palace came in sight,
" Halt, halt ! (cries Morabec in fright)
" Unless a powerful charm restrains
" These Genii, they'll beat out our brains.
" Them to keep off, and also bring
" To parley, with us th' awful king,
" I know the method ; but beware,
" This is a perilous affair.

" If

"If not unwelcome you are here,
 "A handsome man he will appear;
 "But, at your visit if displeas'd,
 "He'll rage and rave a savage beast.
 "Whate'er his shape, he will enquire
 "What favour of him you desire,
 "Him then respectfully address,
 "And humbly thus your wish express:—
 "*Great King, since you did condescend*
 "*To treat my father as a friend,*
 "*May you continue to the son*
 "*The love that in the Sire begun;*
 " 'Tis neither glory, wealth, nor pow'r,
 "But the ninth statue, I implore."

Thus having giv'n the prince his cue,
 A bag he from his pocket drew,
 Which on the matted grass he threw,
 And plac'd ZEYN on it, with strict charge,
 To keep within its mystic verge;
 Then thrice around the cloth he ran,
 Thrice rubb'd a potent talisman,
 And th' incantation thus began:—

"Puissant King! whose magic skill
 "Controls the elements at will;
 "Deals happiness, or adverse fate,
 "To mortals, as you love and hate;
 L "Whe-

“ Whether, on Ocean’s bed reclin’d,
“ You dictate orders to the Wind ;
“ Or, mounted on the Comet’s sphere,
 Accelerate its wild career ;
“ Or from your mighty labours cease,
“ Reposing in this happy place ;
“ Propitious, our entreaties hear,
“ And in a placid shape appear.”

Soon as he spoke, the welkin frown’d,
Convulsions shook the murm’ring ground ;
Clouds dash’d on clouds, in thunder roar’d,
And light’nings flash’d, and torrents pour’d :

But soon all Nature was serene,
And the great king of Genii seen ;
A man of handsome shape and air,
But stern his visage, and severe.
“ Bold and presumptuous men (said he)
“ Speak what you wou’d entreat of me.”

On this, the statue ZEYN requested,
In terms his tutor had suggested.

The Genii then thus silence broke :---
(His count’nance bright’ning as he spoke)
“ I lov’d your father, Prince, ’tis true,
“ And, for his sake, will cherish you ;
“ Already

" Already of my special care
 " You've had no despicable share.
 " 'Twas I repeatedly that came
 " To give you counsel in a dream ;
 " 'Twas I who on the fatten wrote
 " The lines that have you hither brought.
 " Your noble father, once a year,
 " Was won't to pay a visit here,
 " And, ev'ry time he took his leave,
 " A precious statue did receive,
 " I had but nine, and eight I gave.
 " The ninth, far fairer than the rest,
 " Is what you now from me request ;
 " Not to be given is that, but gain'd,
 " And thus may dearly be obtain'd :—
 " You must find out, and bring me here,
 " A maiden in her fifteenth year,
 " (Beauty's best workmanship, her face,
 " Her shape, proportion all, and grace)
 " Who never knew, or wish'd to know,
 " What joys from love's embraces flow ;
 " And whom (your self-denial such)
 " You neither touch'd, nor wish'd to touch.
 " This to accomplish, you must swear
 " By all that Mussulmen revere.
 " Prince, of the enterprize beware,
 " If in one article you break
 " The oath tremendous you must take,

“ To expiate your perjury,
 “ Dear as you are to me---you die.”

The prince was too much *enteté*
 The Genii's warning to obey,
 And inconsiderately swore
 To find what ne'er was found before.

But soon as he his oath had clos'd,
 Him this reflection discompos'd :---
 “ How shall I know the matchless she
 “ Possess'd of all this purity !”
 The Genii instantly divin'd
 What doubts were passing in his mind,
 And smiling said :---“ No time can learn,
 “ Nor the acutest eye discern,
 “ A method to discriminate
 “ True innocence from counterfeit.
 “ The look demure, and bashful face,
 “ Are, often, nothing but grimace ;
 “ But take you this unerring glass,---
 “ When one you find you think will suit ye,
 “ In point of age, and shape, and beauty,
 “ Consult this mirror---if 'tis foul,
 “ Impure her body or her soul :
 “ If spotless it remain, and clear,
 “ Forthwith escort the virgin here ;

“ But

" But let me caution you once more,
 " Well to remember what you've sworn."

Thus having his injunctions spoke,
 He vanish'd in a cloud of smoke;
 Then ZEYN and MORABEC took horse,
 And back to Cairo sped their coufe.

CANTO III.

Soon as to Cairo ZEYN got back,
 His mind was so much on the rack,
 He scarcely for a single day
 Th' investigation would delay.
 'Twas plainly necessary, he
 Should multitudes of virgins see;
 Yet difficult, for trav'lers tell us,
 Where climes are sultry, men are jealous.
 However, his broad pieces gain
 A procurefs in every lane;
 Whose labours, in a week or two,
 Presented thousands to his view.

The glass perpetually stain'd,
 To MORABEC thus ZEYN complain'd :---
 " Tho' many thousands I have seen,
 " The looking-glass is never clean;

[L 3]

" Too

" Too incontestible a proof
 " The Genii wants to keep aloof ;
 " And, therefore, has requir'd of me
 " An absolute nonentity :
 " No more in quest of which I'll roam,
 " But hie me, disappointed, home."

" Prince," answer'd Morabec, " I own
 " Impatient you're with reason grown ;
 " But, after what you lately swore,
 " The search you can't give safely o'er.
 " Let's try what Bagdad will produce,
 " The journey will at least amuse."

Away to Bagdad then they went,
 A noble palace there they rent.

It happen'd, as it has elsewhere,
 A scoundrel was Lord Mayor there,
 Led by an Alderman at will,
 Who was a greater scoundrel still ;
 A sycophantick, scurvy dog,
 But with the Liv'ry much in vogue,
 Who saw not thro' the shallow rogue. }
 Our trav'lers, to a turtle feast,
 Forgot to ask him as a guest.

MESWYN (that was the villain's name)
 This small omission did inflame ;

And,

And, in revenge, made him surmise,
That he suspected they were spies,
Who, trait'rously to Bagdad came,
Cloak'd under a fictitious name ;
Whence he inferr'd, the common weal
Requir'd both should be put in jail ;
And therefore humbly mov'd, the May'r
Would order them a lodging there :
Having no party to befriend 'em,
A warrant issu'd t' apprehend 'em.

But Morabec directly went
The false accuser to content :
Respectfully a visit paid,
And gently to his hand convey'd
A purse, whose sides of net-work hold
Abundance of persuasive gold.

Thus pacify'd, away he ran,
And stopp'd the mischief he began :
All he had said before, unsaid,
Maintain'd, the story that had spread,
Was all a cursed imposition,
The strangers were of high condition,
Whom to imprison were a pity ;
The freedom rather of the city,
In box of gold, and nicely carv'd,
Their shining qualities deserv'd.

Next

Next day he, as appointed, waited
On ZEYN, and earnestly entreated,
That hemight his commands receive,
To shew how much he was his slave.

This town they search'd so long in vain,
That ZEYN impatient grew again.
At last, one ev'ning, as he stray'd
Thro' a vast forest's awful shade;
Reclining on a mossy stone,
He spied a Dervise all alone,
In shape and air resembling him
Whom thrice he talk'd with in a dream.

ZEYN, little knowing who or what
The Dervise was, began to chat;
Explain'd what Morabec and he,
So very anxious were to see;
What disappointments they had met,
But that they were pursuing yet;
Entreated him to lend his aid
To point him out so fair a maid.

"The Dervise," answer'd Prince, "if earth
"To such a prodigy gives birth,
"I know her place of residence,
"Which is not twenty miles from hence.

"Her

" Her fire, once Minister of State,
 " This only child to educate;
 " To power and grandeur bade farewell,
 " In a sequester'd seat to dwell.

" Her age, I know, is just fifteen,
 " Her shape, her beauty, air, and mein,
 " Surpasses what has yet been seen;
 " But whether she will stand the glass
 " Is more than I pretend to guess;
 " But surely there's no reason why
 " Your Highness should not fairly try."

The Prince express'd his obligation,
 For the much-wanted information;
 And then with Morabec advis'd,
 Who was agreeably surpris'd;
 Declar'd there could not be a doubt
 That they directly should set out,
 And order'd that a chaise and four
 Should be got ready in an hour.

They soon, with such an equipage,
 Could have made out a longer stage;
 But halted at a country inn,
 Tho' small, commodious and clean,
 Some gun-shots distant from the place
 Where was the object of their chace.

Much from the master of the house,
 And more from his loquacious spouse,
 Our trav'lers made a shift to gather
 About the lady and her father.

ALASNAM then the hostess told,
 Pains he wou'd neither spare nor gold
 The peerless beauty to behold.

The hostess complaisantly said,
 She'd found the lady's waiting-maid,
 But of her scruples was afraid.
 "O! for her scruples never fear,
 "(Cry'd ZEYN) do you but bring her here."

When she arriv'd, the hostess spoke
 Of ZEYN's proposal as a joke:
 But all turn'd serious by degrees,
 And soon th' astonish'd hussy sees
 Both gentlemen upon their knees,
 Who wisely to entreaties join
 The silent eloquence of coin.

This was too much to be resisted,
 When such a trifle was requested;
 So she consented ZEYN that night
 Should of her mistress have a fight;

And,

And, for that purpose, bid him come
 Along with her when she went home.
 When there, she secretly convey'd
 Him to the garden's deepest shade,
 Whence he unseen could view a feat,
 To which the lady wou'd retreat
 In *disbaille*, and all alone,
 Soon as th' evening breeze came on.

As she predicted, when the breeze
 Was heard to rustle thro' the trees,
 In virtue's majesty array'd,
 Forth came th' incomparable maid;
 Her tresses playing in the wind,
 She on the flow'ry bank reclin'd,
 And with angelic voice begun
 A hymn to the descending Sun;
 So sweet her strains, that ev'n the ear
 Of Philomel delights to hear.

In vain would my descriptive verse
 Attempt her beauties to rehearse;
 Nor should he use the pen, but paint,
 Who would ZEYN's feelings represent.

Him for a while all sense forfook;
 But, when himself again, he took
 The mirror, and with eager look

}

Survey'd;

Survey'd; when, lo! that test severe
Remain'd immaculate and clear.
Exerting then his nimble feet
(Surprize and rapture made him fleet)
He ran good Morabec to meet;
Who, from his eager look and haste,
Saw he had lucky been at last.

Their heads the two together laid,
How to possess the wond'rous maid.

“ Tho' neither you nor I applaud,
“ Or force, (said Morabec) or fraud,
“ We must, I fear, make use of both,
“ To keep inviolate your oath.
“ To-morrow I'll your rank disclose,
“ And marriage in your name propose;
“ Her father certainly will catch
“ At such an advantageous match.
“ Thus you'll get entrance to the house
“ In character of future spouse,
“ And unsuspected, when you please,
“ May on the precious virgin seize.
“ Such method I could wish to shun;
“ Do it you must, or be undone.”

ZEYN saw the project of his friend
Was well adapted to the end,

But

But yet, to act the double part,
He yielded with reluctant heart;
For there the force of mighty love
Already with the statue strove.

'Twere but superfluous to relate
What pass'd, when Morabec, in state,
Did on the maiden's father wait.
Soon is an eastern marriage made,
And this was but a month delay'd.

Sly Morabec had every day
A scheme for carrying her away;
But many a plan, tho' well concerted,
Was by cross circumstances thwarted.

At last, as with him once the Fair
Went in his chaise to take the air,
(While ZEYN, who knew what was design'd,
Rode with an anxious heart behind)
Instructed by their master's eye
The lash his two postilions ply,
Their courfers urge to all their speed,
Of which th' adventure stood in need.

The lady thought the rapid flight
Occasion'd by their taking fright;

And,

And, as the ground was smooth and plain,
 It gave her very little pain;
 But when far on the Bagdad road,
 And miles remov'd from her abode,
 She question'd Morabec with eyes
 That spoke suspicion and surprise;
 He thought 'twas time then to relate
 ZEYN's story from its earliest date,
 And what she had t' expect from fate:
 To which the Fair to reconcile,
 He prais'd the Genii's charming isle,
 And palace that unrival'd shone
 With gold adorn'd and precious stone.

Soon as th' unhappy maiden knew
 Her lov'd ALASNAM was untrue,
 Wou'd to a Genii sacrifice
 Her as a statue's proffer'd price;
 Grief, Indignation, and Amaze
 Disfigure her late lovely face;
 She rends the air with piercing cries,
 Tears pour in torrents from her eyes,
 Her bosom heaves heart-breaking sighs.

The prince, whose sympathising ear
 Cou'd not her lamentation bear,
 Came up distracted, stopp'd the chaise,
 And would the injur'd Fair release:

Then

Then Morabec, with clouded brow :—

“ Is this consistent with your vow ?

“ If the ninth statue still you hope,

“ If quick destruction's not your scope,

“ Retire, unthinking prince, retire,

“ Nor further tempt the Genii's ire.”

But ZEYN, by keenest passion stung,

Thus gave rash licence to his tongue :—

“ Curs'd be the fatal oath I swore,

“ And curs'd be he that took it, more :

“ His wrath can only make me die.

“ By coward motives sway'd, shall I

“ Be deaf to love and beauty's cry ?

“ Turn, Morabec, the maid restore

“ To whence her faithlessly you bore.”

Then Morabec, “ Your death alone

“ Wont for your perjuries atone.

“ Prince, you're no stranger to the art

“ Which magic powers to me impart ;

“ This instant from the chaise recede,

“ Or, by our holy Prophet's head,

“ Th' ill-fated darling of your soul,

“ Become a monster fierce and foul,

“ Shall thro' the neighb'ring forests howl.”

With horror pale the prince withdrew,
(That threat alone cou'd him subdue)

And

And Morabec, with doubl'd speed,
Commanded that the chaise proceed.
They soon their house at Bagdad reach'd,
And onward with fresh horses stretch'd.
No time they lose, no stop they make,
Till they approach'd the Genii's lake,
Where all the three were ferry'd o'er,
As ZEYN and MORABEC before.

The King was summon'd to appear,
When to his palace they drew near;
And when, as formerly, he came,
To the ninth statue ZEYN laid claim,
Presenting, but with aukward grace,
The maid that stood th' unerring glass;
Whom eagerly the king survey'd,
Then, gracious, to ALASNAM said :---
" You did not strictly keep your vow,
" But I for frailty much allow;
" Upon the whole, 'twas bravely done,
" And the ninth statue fairly won:
" Which forthwith thro' the trackless air
" A Genii shall triumphant bear.
" Before you're home, whate'er your haste,
" 'Twill on its pedestal be plac'd."

ALASNAM to his fate submits,
And sullenly the Genii quits.

Him

Him Morabec, with all his art,
In vain attempted to divert;

With furious haste he homeward drove,
And by that poor expedient strove
To hush th' upbraiding voice of Love:
For 'twas not ardour to possess
The statue, made him onward press;
As, be the statue what it would,
Its utmost value never could
Compensate for the wond'rous maid,
He to the Genii had betray'd.

Arriv'd,---ZEYN to his mother goes,
To her unbosom's all his woes,
Whose feelings they but slightly touch,
Her passion for the statue such.

Then to the subterraneous room,
Where diamond rays dispel the gloom,
They rush'd with flutt'ring hearts, and view'd
The pillar where the statue stood,
But, lo! it was of flesh and blood.
And *the ninth statue* prov'd the Fair,
Who stood a trial so severe.

"Prince (said she smiling,) much I fear
"You'll be chagrin'd to find me here,

N

"And

" And think your labour poorly paid,
 " The recompence---a simple maid."

Fair maid (said ZEYN,) but as he tries
 For what was past t'apologize,
 Approaching thunder's sound was heard,
 And then the Genii's self appear'd :
 " I give you joy (he cried) my son,
 " Your tantalizing trial's done ;
 " By their instructive lessons train'd,
 " The empire of yourself you've gain'd ;
 " And now, that all vexation's o'er,
 " You'll relish ease and pleasure more.
 " Be happy :---to the nuptial bed
 " Let this unequall'd Fair be led ;
 " And always hold this maxim true,
 " She'll ne'er prove false while constant you."

FAREWELL

*FAREWELL TO THE COUNTRY.**A SONG.*

THE boist'rous wind,
And rattling show'rs,
Have ('twas unkind)
Kill'd all the flow'rs.
Rose, fare-thee-well;
Sweet Pink, adieu;
In town, I'll tell,
To beau and belle,
How much I felt on leaving you.

Tho' now laid low,
You dead appear,
You're sure to blow
Another year:
Next Spring you'll come,
This place t' adorn,
With gaudy bloom,
And sweet perfume;
But I, poor I, may ne'er return.

DE LUCO AMÆNO.*

Hic Cytherea tuo poteras cum Marte jacere,
Vulcanus prohibetur aquis, Sol pellitur umbris.

IMITATED.

HERE, undisturb'd, to lengthen soft delight,
Why did not Venus, with her Mars, retire?
The wood had screen'd them from the God of
Light,
The water sav'd them from the God of Fire.

ON EMIGRATIONS.

THE reason, t' other day, said Tom,
Why Highlanders abandon home
For explanation calls.
A crazy dwelling, answer'd Mat,
Is left by the sagacious rat,
Some time before it falls.

* This Epigram is in Menagiana, tom IV. p. 310.

THE WISH.

A SONG.

INSCRIBED TO

C—S—O G—R—N, Esq. M. P.

AFTERWARDS ONE OF THE BARONS OF EXCHEQUER.

Tune—"AS NEAR TO PORTO-BELLO LYING."

Cosmo, while, to save the nation,
You till midnight often fit,
I enjoy the Spring vacation
When the weather will permit.

But the dreary tempest, howling,
Seldom lets me cross the door;
Getting thus but little bowling,
I on books am forc'd to pore.

Trees in gardens, thorns in fences,
Show'd some weeks ago 'twas Spring;
And the birds, so weak their sense is,
Prematurely try'd to sing.

When,

When, with little premonition,
Frost and Snow did fall forth;
Two sad dogs in Opposition,
Tho' connected much with *North*.

Speak, O speak, to George the mighty!
Me his consul to depute;
At Algiers or Otaheite,
Any fultry place will suit.

Blest with days, nor cold, nor hazy,
Blest with fields, nor wet, nor poor;
Where voluptuous and lazy,
Men no irksome toil endure.

THE
DISAPPOINTED EPICURES,

AN EPISTLE TO CAPTAIN JAMES EDGAR, COLLECTOR OF
THE CUSTOMS AT LEITH.

WRITTEN IN MARCH 1773.

Occasioned by a report that the French Cook, who had been hired by FORTUNE, in whose House two noted Clubs (the Stoic and Capillaire) dined once a week, in the Room marked No. 9. had been left at Sea.

*O quoniam cælo et pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignota, Palinure, Jacebis arena.* VIRGIL.

O THOU, whatever name thine ear allure,
Collector, Captain Edgar, Beau Dineur;
These plaintive verses 'sdain not to peruse,
And share the sorrows of a stoic muse:
Let not rash Fancy her absurdly paint,
A starveling songstress or a meagre faint;
No, she's a jolly goddess, fat and fair,
A proper member for the Capillaire;
Congenial feelings in her stomach glow,
Ambrosia she, for claret, would forego;
Would, tho' Apollo's darling 'mongst the nine,
At *Fortune's* rather than *Parnassus* dine.

© say! how long shall we impatient look
For the arrival of the Paris cook;

Solicitous

Solicitous from windows to the north
 For months we've gaz'd incessant on the Forth;
 With less anxiety the *Cestos-maid*,
 From her high tow'r the Hellespont survey'd,
 When her fond eyes expected to perceive
 The young *Leander* gliding thro' the wave;
 And many fear, but, gracious Heav'n, forbid!
 The cook has perish'd as the lover did.

Accurs'd the fiend! that urg'd thee to inspire,
 Untravell'd Epicures with new desire:
 Why didst thou, cruel, feelingly explain,
 What nice ingredients form *Soup a-la'-Reine*?---
 Enraptur'd! why describe *Mouton-a-l'eau*,
 And all the richness of the *Fricandeau*?
 Till then, alas! we unrepining fed,
 On lamb, mock-turtle, wild-duck, and calfs'
 head:

But these, and such as these, delight no more,
Fortune in vain produces all his store,
 We loathe the dishes that we lik'd before.

If, as bad omens lead us to believe,
 Our expectations envious gods deceive;
 We go disgusted to some lone retreat,
 Where men unscientifically eat,
 Who thank their stars their country can afford
 A tumid haggies to adorn their board.

If

If thou, of Fortune hitherto the prop,
 A scheme so dangerous to him would'st stop,
 One only method's left you to pursue;---
 Equip a vessel, hire a chosen crew,
 Let their commander be a trusty tar,
 And bid them steer for th' Isle of Nicobar;
 There, honest Keoping's simple page relates,
 That men wag tails, resembling those of cats*:
 The hardy sailors must these monsters dock,
 Although humanity the action shock;
 Then bear triumphant home the trailing spoils,
 Well worthy your expence, and their Hercu-
 lean toils;
 Pickl'd, or devil'd, on them we'll fondly feast,
 The last and best production of the East;
 Then thee to favour gratefully restore,
 And cease the Frenchman's absence to deplore.

Gods! with what ardour connoisseurs shall
 with
 To be partakers of the wond'rous dish!
Linnaeus, Upsal, shall abandon freight,
 And on the Stoics *as a suppliant wait*:
 Then from St John-street shall M-----o trudge,
 And number nine be honour'd with a Judge:
 o The

* See Monboddo on Language, Vol. I.

The fair sex too, our croupier shall caress,
 And invitations purchase with a kiss:
 For tho' stern Virtue's rigid rules ordain,
 From taverns modest women to refrain,
 This dainty o'er all prudery prevails;
 No want of ladies, if no want of tails.

THE
 NEW DIVINITY.

HE who first taught the grape to strain,
 And she, delight of gods and men,
 Have many a sounding name:
 Lyceus, Bacchus, charm^d his ears;
 Well pleas'd she Cytherea hears,
 And Laughter-loving dame.

Them to adorn in every clime,
 The sculptor's tool, the poet's rhyme,
 And painter's pencil join;
 But, mighty *God of Eating*, thou,
 Thy pow'r, tho' all mankind allow,
 Can't call no honours thine.

To

To nameless thee no temples rise,
No vows are paid, no sacrifice
By holy hands is burn'd.
To thee, ev'n at a city-feast,
Nor song was ever yet address'd,
Nor grateful thanks return'd.

Ye Epicures of classic wit,
Invent an appellation fit
For such a God to bear;
And after each luxurious treat,
To him let fated guests repeat
An universal pray'r.

THE
MAN OF THE WOODS.

WRITTEN IN 1775.

YE rulers of nations
Stop not emigrations,
Let males at least go with good grace;
For Africa's shore,
Of Monkeys a store
Can furnish to better our race.

Linnæus maintains
 That tropical plains
 Reluctant they quit, but that's Stuff;
 For good cloaths them put on,
 Beef give them and mutton,
 And you shall have Monkies enough.

There's Bruce of Kinnaird,
 How hard has he far'd
 In desarts of barren-parch'd soil!
 Him nothing could stop,
 Tho' all his food, Hope,
 To trace out the Source of the Nile.

If for so small matter,
 (The Nile's but mere water)
 A wise man could take so much trouble;
 'Tis past all contesting,
 Wine, women, and feasting,
 A wild man will prompt to take double.

To shew he loves eating,
 A tale's with repeating,
 Of one that was brought from Angola;
 If you think it not true,
 (As some people do)
 Monboddo's the author I follow.

When

When one of the crew
 From shipboard withdrew,
 How sad did the wild creature look !
 He burst into tears,
 But then it appears,
 The man, he bewail'd, was the Cook.

A CARD

TO

A LADY IN THE NEW TOWN,

FROM

A GENTLEMAN IN THE OLD TOWN OF EDINBURGH.

WRITTEN IN 1779.

LEANDER, who, the poets write,
 The Hellespont swam ev'ry night,
 (Strength mighty Love supplied)
 ould, justly, have felt very fore,
 Had, when he gain'd the lady's door,
 Admittance been denied.

Like him, no less enamour'd swain,
 I have great reason to complain,
 When shut on me your gate ;

Since

Since I (tho' seeming strange 'tis true)
 Each time I go to visit you,
 Brave as severe a fate.

What intervenes 'twixt you and me,
 Altho' a bridge, and not a sea,
 Is equally unkind :
 From water I confess it saves,
 No fear of perishing by waves,
 But very great by wind.

SONG

ON

LADY W—CE.

WRITTEN IN 1779.

Tune—FREE-MASONS' SONG.

YE poets, whose lays
 Aspire at the bays,
 (My talent at rhyming but small is)
 Come cheerful along,
 And give me a song
 To celebrate sweet Lady W--l--e.

As

As Venus she's fair,
Like Juno's, her air,
(I've nothing to say as to Pallas)
With helmet and blade
Th' immortal old maid
Resembles not sweet Lady W--l--e.

The fragrance and heat
Of Summer we meet,
As soon as we're haunted by swallows:
The graces delight,
And vie, without spite,
T' accompany sweet Lady W--l--e.

O! Lady so fair,
Of talents so rare,
His feelings are shockingly callous,
Who heaves not a sigh,
Whose pulse beats not high,
In presence of sweet Lady W--l--e.

Th' improver may toil
To better his foil,
At turnips work hard, and at fallows;
But I'd disavow,
Spade, harrows, and plough,
To cultivate sweet Lady W--l--e.

Her

Her mother, I hear,
 A house is to rear,
 Where once, it is said, stood the gallows;
 Ah! who can refuse
 His neck to the noose,
 If offer'd by sweet Lady W--l--e.

TO THE SAME,

ON HER ASKING A PENSION.

WRITTEN IN 1779.

ABOLISH pensions, patriots cry of late,
 No other way to save the sinking State;
 But when by crafty North it was confess'd,
 That you a place requested on the list,
 Pale Opposition hung her sickly head,
 Ev'n Sir George Saville in confusion fled;
 Nay, many counties one petition sign,
 "We as absurd abandon the design,
 "Let France prevail, but pension Eglantine." }

Thus foolish Trojans to old Priam came,
 And urg'd th' expulsion of the Spartan dame;
 But soon repentant when they saw her, swore,
 The matchless fair 'twere shameful to restore.

Hector

Hector himself, as virtuous as brave,
 For once of passion was th' unwary slave;
 Therefore, regardless of his Wife and Son, }
 He join'd the common cry, " Let war go on, }
 " We perish pleas'd by beauty, if undone."

THE
PARLIAMENTARY DUELLISTS.

WRITTEN IN 1780.

AFTER SEVERAL DUELS HAD BEEN FOUGHT BY MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT WITHOUT BLOODSHED.

INSCRIBED BOTH TO MAJORITY AND MINORITY.

As soon as Cadmus had the dragon slain, }
 Its teeth he scatter'd o'er the furrow'd plain, }
 For so did godlike oracles ordain;
 But soon the teeth, re-animated, rose,
 Though metamorphos'd into mortal foes,
 Who, such the whimsical decree of Fate,
 Attack'd each other with relentless hate.

'Twixt you, my masters, and that earth-born
 race,
 The dullest eye may much resemblance trace;
 P Like

Like them, to venom you importance owe;
 With mutual spite, like theirs your bosoms
 glow;
 Like them you fight too—here I stop indeed,
 No farther can the simile proceed:
 For of that monstrous multitude, but five
 Did, if mythologists speak true, survive,
 But all our duellists are still alive.

O! that some god, propitious to the State,
 Would make your courage equal to your hate;
 With mutual wounds then all our members
 slain,
 Her counsels firm, her force not spent in vain,
 Britain, her former glory would regain!

EPITAPH

ON

DR YOUNG,

THE CELEBRATED ACCOUCHEUR, WHO DIED SUDDENLY.

HERE lies

A most extraordinary man.

He saved the lives of thousands,

Though he was a Physician ;

And took the greatest liberties,

with the chafest matrons,

Without offending themselves,

or,

What is more surprizing,

Their husbands.

Mothers and daughters wept his death :

The former from gratitude,

The latter from expectation.

He died, alas ! of an apoplexy.

Cupid !

You gave him no assistance ;

And, by the omission, prov'd yourself,

A god, as ungrateful, as blind :

For this great man's life was spent,

In preventing,

Love's labour from being lost.

ON

THE SAME.

IN FRENCH.

Cy git, un homme a mainte femme,
 Qui tata souvent pas le poulx,
 Et bon Repos soit a son ame,
 N'a fait aucun mari jaloux ;
 Un coup si rude, & si severe,
 Fait tout le beaux Sexe gemir,
 En pensent au passé, la mere,
 Et la Pucelle a l' avenir.

EPITAPH

EPI TAPH

INTENDED FOR THE TOMB OF

MRS MACLAURIN.

HERE are interred the remains of

Mrs ESTHER CUNNINGHAME.

After discharging, with the greatest propriety,
Every duty belonging to her sex and station,
She was seized with a fever, on perceiving
That an infant, and favourite son, was taken
mortally ill :

He having died on the morning of 8th January
1780,

She remained but a few hours behind ;

And they were conveyed in one coffin

To the grave below.

Not friends only, but strangers, lamenting

Their hard and uncommon fate.

Her husband, John MacLaurin, of Dreghorn,
One of the Senators of the College of Justice,

Inscribed this Stone in 1789 :

To shew that the lapse of years
had not diminished his grief.

To

To soothe the affliction of his surviving children,
If they, at times, shall repair to this melancholy place;
And to give some satisfaction
To the humane and feeling, who, in passing,
may enter this Tomb;
For they will not depart without contemplating
A memorial raised in honour of a Lady,
Whose only failing
Was---too much sensibility.

FROM THE
THIRD SCENE
OF THE
FIRST ACT
OF
THE ADRIANO OF METASTASIO.

YET, from my hand, a deadly blow
Awaits thee, haughty chief of Rome ;
For Osra, worsted by his foe,
Remains unconquer'd, tho' o'ercome.

Thus, if the sturdy stubborn Oak,
That brav'd, for centuries, the blast,
By a no common tempest's stroke,
Fall to the earth, o'erpower'd, at last.

Soon in a stately vessel's form,
He proudly ploughs the yielding main ;
And triumphs o'er the very storm
That laid him prostrate on the plain.

ON THE
NICHE
 IN THE
 DINING-ROOM AT DREGHORN.

THIS Niche the mason scoop'd with thought-
 less pride,
 For not a statue can supply the void;
 The Medicean goddess will not suit,
 In height defective nearly half a foot.
 There is, indeed, a certain form that would,
 But 'tis, alas! compos'd of flesh and blood.
 O! that kind Nature would to me impart
 The secret of her petrefactive art:
 Soon should Elvira fill the vacant space,
 Then would the snarling connoisseurs con-
 fess,
 The finest statue Dreghorn does possess.

ON
SEEING A STATUE

OF THE

VENUS DE MEDICIS AT DREGHORN,

BY A LADY.

YOUR marble goddess, from her height,
May tempt the heart, and charm the sight;
But wou'd you wish the nymph you love,
To stand so high, so cold to prove?
Yes, faith, nor doubt her breast to warm,
And from her high position charm.

THE
CRUEL VISIT.

TO Dreghorn oft has cruel Chloe come,
But not till certain I have quitted home;
And knowing absence, if prolong'd, abates
Th' impression beauty while in sight creates.
When last she call'd, she bad an artist trace,
On mimic canvass, her unrivall'd face;

Q

He,

He, such commands delighted to fulfil,
 Grasp'd his best pencil, summon'd all his skill;
 Cull'd the most brilliant colours from his store,
 To heighten charms too dangerous before;
 And now her form, exhibited to view,
 Hangs a temptation, and a torment too.
 This fairest lady, you must needs confess,
 Is tyrannizing to a wild excess;
 Remove your portrait when you come again,
 Yet that would only mitigate my pain,
 To make me happy, I must yourself remain.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A PIANO-FORTE.

ALTHO' not play'd this instrument by wind,
 Yet 'tis as changeable, and was design'd
 To be an emblem of the female mind.

At first, its notes all sweet and gentle flow,
 But noisy soon, and boisterous, they grow:
 Just so with women, fools the men who court ye;
 Piano you're while maids;—but when you're
 married,—Forté.

THE

THE
REFORMED JUDICATURE.

WRITTEN IN 1791.

'Tis not the art of Politics alone
That in this age has to perfection grown;
Mechanics claim, in these enlighten'd days,
An equal wonder and an equal praise:
They make the flail by hands unguided thresh,
With greatest ease they spin, they churn, they
wash;

Save to the maid the trouble of the tub,
And gently press what she was wont to rub:
Nay, true it is, tho' strange I must confess,
They shine in music, or they beat at ches;
One effort more, I trust, they will not grudge,
And kindly help us, by machines, to Judge.

PUBLIC

A

PACIFIC PROPOSAL.APRIL 1791.

QUEEN of the North, and thou puissant Turk,
 Compose your feuds, and cease your bloody
 work:

Or if the East betwixt you won't divide,
 By single combat the fell strife decide:

Oft was this method anciently pursu'd,
 Oft hostile heroes pour'd their precious blood,
 While armies spar'd, well pleas'd spectators
 stood.

Nor tell me, that the difference of sex
 The mode and laws of battle will perplex.

O! it suggests a happy-healing thought,
 A duel that may harmlessly be fought.

Do thou, Grand Signior, tho' it cost thee pain,
 From thy Seraglio for some days abstain;
 Then to a Congress urge the mighty Queen,
 Empress of all the Russias, Catharine.

Soon the Czarina shall exclaim :---No more,
 I yield, dear Turk, to thy superior pow'r;

Make

Make my Black Eagle to thy Crescent bow,
 The Euxine's navigation disavow,
 And cede the long-contested Ockzakow. }
 But as what female has of faults no spice,
 I have, in butter, long been over nice;
 Indulge me, Ottoman, one single whim,
 And give me still possession of the *Crim*.

Peace thus procur'd, his huge but useless
 spear
 The God of War shall break, and disappear;
 While Venus' banner, by the Loves unfurl'd,
 Shall wave triumphant o'er a smiling world.

TO

MR BURKE,

ON

HIS LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN IN 1791.

To Cræsus, who his treasures spread,
 Call no man happy till he's dead,
 Exclaim'd th' Athenian Sage:
 Burke, you confirm this maxim's truth,
 Champion for Liberty in youth,
 For Tyranny in age.

What

What motive say, your jaded pen,
 To ridicule the rights of men,
 Could prompt you to devote?
 Imaginable, none that's good;
 Hence, not for Louis, I conclude,
 But Louis d'or you wrote.

NIGHT.

With toilsome day's vicissitudes oppress'd,
 In soothing sleep all living creatures rest;
 True to the sun the flowers their foliage close,
 The drooping trees or feel, or feign repose;
 In streams less noisy rapid rivers flow,
 The Winds, exhausted, rather breathe than
 blow;
 And tho' still fretting on his wavy bed,
 And tho' his murmur still inspiring dread,
 Ocean pleas'd, partakes in some degree
 Of Nature's general tranquillity;
 Of Night the guardian, and of Stars the queen,
 Th' ascending Moon, in majesty serene,
 Gives light and lustre to the solemn scene.

THE
LORD ORDINARY,

BEING A PARAPHRASE OF

*Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit & alfit.*

THE Judge, whose indefatigable soul
Pants to discuss a more than common roll,
Busy from all amusements must refrain,
And much from women, more from wine abstain :

Must not at leisure sip his morning tea,
Or on his bread his butter slowly lay,
But gobble up his breakfast, and away. }

For he, in Summer's sun, and Winter's snow,
To Court must early, and exactly, go ;
There, unconfounded, by the Mace's * roar, †

Call many a cause that he has call'd before ;

Examine doubt, obscurity explain,

Quicken delay, and counteract chicane :

Till told, the Court without a quorum sit,

And that his seat he instantly must quit.

In vain he would remonstrate and repine }

To end his roll, abortive the design, }

Tho' not amuse, he must complete the Nine †. }

* A contraction for Macebearer.

† Nine of the Judges must be present, otherwise the Court must adjourn.

TO

MR POWELL,

THE CELEBRATED PEDESTRIAN.

HF who an animal bestrides,
No pleasant fight is while he rides,
T' impartial reason's view;
Need of another's legs to move,
His spur, his whip, concur to prove,
Him weak and wicked too.

How much then is the human race
Indebted to thy wond'rous pace,
Performer of such courses,
As have demonstrated mankind,
A speed possess with strength combin'd,
Unequall'd yet by horses!

To celebrate the gen'rous feed,
That bore away the palm for speed,
At Grecian games bestow'd;
The *Theban*, by a king's desire,
Exerting all his force and fire,
Compos'd the Lyric ode.

To

To thee, much more deserving praise,
 Why not address'd applauding lays?
 What such reward should hinder?
 Let us from Greece example take,
 Let some skill'd hand the Lyre awake,
 And Powell have his Pindar.

O D E

TO

PETER PINDAR.

*Qui sic nugatur tractantem ut seria vincat
 Seria cum faciet, dic rogo quantus erit.*

ON poets, who must notes subjoin,
 T' explain the malice of each line,
 What praise can we bestow?
 Like Daubers impotent in paint,
 Who tell what they would represent
 In characters below.

Pope, for his universal pray'r,
 His Eloise, Belinda's hair,
 Requir'd no Commentators;
 Not till your friend, the Devil, led
 Him to compose his Dunciad,
 And pert splenetic satires.

The trifling portrait done in oil,
Tho' gainful, is inglorious toil,
Doom'd soon to stare forgot;
'Tis, to bestow fame and renown,
The Pencil or the pen to crown,
The finish'd picture's lot.

But what reward can him allure,
Who works in mean Caricature?
He genius throws away
On Spleen's most despicable tool,
That only entertains the fool,
And him but for a day.

Your Dithyrambics on a mouse
Your epic canto's on a louse,
Vile insults on your King,
Savour too much of the buffoon;
Such lays will censure, not renown
To thoughtless Peter bring.

But if you sing in lofty rhymes,
The noble topics of the times,
As Pindar did of yore,
You may the Grecian bard outstrip,
Regardless of the critic's whip,
Aloft an eagle soar;

Exulting

Exulting in superior force,
 First then in the sublimest course,
 Your wings triumphant wave;
 Mankind encourage every where,
 To pluck the Despot from his sphere,
 Emancipate the slave.

TO

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

THE LATE GENERAL DAVID WEDDERBURN,

GOING TO A PUBLIC BREAKFAST.

WRITTEN IN 1759.

OF old the youth of Greece and Rome,
 To shows and festivals wou'd come,
 There crouded to the public games,
 Keen t' immortalize their names;
 They box'd, swam, wrestl'd, scour'd the plain,
 Each limb exerted to obtain
 The crown of laurel, and a place
 In Pindar or in Horace lays.

In later ages, when renown,
 By deeds of chivalry was won,
 With jousts and tournaments, the men
 Wou'd the fair ladies entertain,

R 2

Who,

Who, in good order, took their seats,
To see their knights exhibit feats.

But we, who are so justly reckon'd
More happy under GEORGE the Second,
Such customs have abolish'd quite,
As barbarous and unpolite.

The truth is, that our gentle folks,
Can neither wrestle well, nor box :
Our gentlemen are not such fools,
As to encounter angry bulls ;
Nor are our ladies so hard-hearted,
As with such fights to be diverted.
At twelve o'clock, to-morrow meet,
Young men and maidens fair, to eat.

As yesterday I heard you mutter,
With them you'd take your bread and butter ;
I thought the least that I could do,
Was to suggest a hint or two.

Your time of breakfasting, and mine,
You know is commonly at Nine.
How will your stomach want till noon,
Accustom'd to be gorg'd so soon ?
You may maltreat it as you will,
But sure, it can't but take it ill,

And

And if not fed, as it hath wont,
Will certainly revenge th' affront.

David, methinks, I see you talking,
Or, rather, cavalierly walking,
With some delicious Lafs, when, lo !
(Pray Heaven forbid it should be so)
Your injur'd stomach loudly howls,
Each gut in indignation growls,
And bids you pity your own bowels.
Nor think, if, at the usual hour,
You give it something to devour ;
You will not play your part so well
As you could wish at public meal ;
For, when it sees the table clad
With sweet-meats, jellies, marmalade,
I'll lose my life, if it don't roar
A most emphatical *encore*.

TO

MR H. S.

WITH A POUND OF BUTTER.

SINCE milk here much, and butter more,
abounds,

I fend you one of our superfluous pounds ;
If to its share some hairs unnotic'd fall,
Look on its colour, you'll forget them all*.

IMITATION

OF A

FRENCH EPIGRAM

PASTED UP IN SEVERAL PLACES AT PARIS.

WRITTEN IN 1759.

*Batteaux plats a vendre,
Soldats a louer,
Ministres a pendre,
Genereaux a rouer.*

* If to her share, some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all. POPE.

O France!

*O France! la sexe femelle,
 Fit toujours ton dessein;
 Ton bonheur vient d'une pucelle,
 Ton malheur vient d'une catin.*

LET us, since all our expeditions fail,
 Our troops to hire, our boats expose to sale;
 While those in power a just chastisement feel.
 Belleisle the gibbet, and Contades the wheel.
 In vain, O France! thy legislature strove,
 From state affairs the women to remove;
 Such the unalterable course of things,
 Thy fate must always hang on apron-strings.
 What strange reverse our country has undone,
 A strumpet loses what a virgin won.

VERSES

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE WHILE POSTING THROUGH BANEURY-MOOR.

WRITTEN IN 1761.

A CHAISE so bad would ev'n a faint provoke;
 The blinds are shatter'd, and the glasses broke;
 'Tis lin'd with nothing but a tawdry green,
 'Tis drawn by horses, lazy, lame, and lean:
 Him,

Him, who these animals delights to thwack,
 The part of Richard, nature form'd to act;
 For crooked is his leg, and mountainous his
 back.

Ere you fair Scotland ridicule as poor,
 Think, Englishmen, on your own Banb'ry-moor.

VERSES

IN THE

POST-HOUSE AT NORTHALLERTON.

WRITTEN IN 1761.

READER of these crude lines, whoe'er you are,
 O! of the post-house at last stage* beware.
 The Scottish inns, why should the English curse:
 True, they are bad, but this is ten times worse.

Such was the inn, unless Pope's verses lie†,
 Where noble Viller's halted, but to die:
 And at York's house (an injur'd Scot forgive)
 None will put up, who have a mind to live.

* Darlington.

† See his epistle to Lord Bathurst, v. 299.

THE

PUBLIC.

A TRAGEDY,

IN ONE SCENE.

AFTER an act of Parliament was obtained for licensing the theatre at EDINBURGH, several players solicited for the patent, and the town was much divided about them in Winter 1767: many were for LEE, who had played at EDINBURGH for some years; a few were for FOOTE, who was the man of merit; but ROSS at LONDON had interest to get it; upon which LEE's friends, by printed advertisements, desired a meeting of what they called the *Public*, at the Cross-keys, a tavern kept by FORTUNE, and accordingly a number of them (mostly lawyers,) met in that house, and came to some very singular resolutions, which they afterwards put into the news-papers.

SCENE, FORTUNE's.

Enter LEE, solus.

'Tis after three—both time and hunger join
To make me chide, as tardy, my best friends:

s

But

But, ha! what chamber this, in which I see
 A table spread; plates basking on the hearth,
 And all the harbingers of dinner rang'd!
 By Heavens! 'tis the room, the very room
 The *Public* met in. What, does *Fortune* mean
 It should accommodate, promiscuously,
 All sorts of companies?---He does, 'tis plain.
 O! for an hundred tongues, an hundred hands,
 To ring each bell, make ev'ry servant fly
 Here in an instant, and remove at once
 These utensils, accurst. Waiter---Houfe---
 'Sdeath how they loiter! tho' each moment's stay
 Continues injury and profanation
 Upon the *Public's* sacred majesty.

Enter FORTUNE.

Ha! Fortune, was this well? Who cou'd have
 dreamt
 You ever would pollute this awful place?
 Reflect, rash vintner,---is not this the room
 The *Public* occupy'd but t'other day?
 And dost thou let it out like other numbers?
 ---Shall bawdy catches,---shall seducing dice
 Outrage the echoes of these hallow'd walls,
 That t'other day prick'd up their wond'ring ears,
 When Public Spirit, with a Siren's voice,
 Enforc'd the dictates of impartial truth?

O For-

O Fortune! what a glorious meeting 'twas!
 Glorious for you, for me; it has on both
 Conferr'd immortal honour and renown:
 For, all the men in being now who hear it,
 And latest generations, when they read it,
 With hands uplifted, and with eyes upturn'd,
 Shall testify their wonder and applause;
 And, Fortune, when you die, as die you must,
 This room will most assuredly afford
 A topic for your funeral harangue;
 For ev'ry man unprejudic'd, will own
 That, tho' some others here have taverns kept,
 You only had a truly *Public* house.

And wilt thou, Fortune, prostitute this place,
 To private clubs, to drunken ribaldry,
 The rage of gamesters, and the mirth of fools?
 O! 'twere incongruous, unseemly, base,
 Nor were more shocking sights to be beheld
 When Ocean old, grown covetous of land,
 Invasive, pour'd his overwhelming waves
 O'er delug'd earth; then huge Leviathans
 Gambol'd in palaces where kings had reign'd,
 Tritons and Mermaids, with their foul attend-
 ants,
 Kennell'd and scream'd in public halls, where
 once
 Judges, and orators, and patriots spoke.

But I detain thee, Fortune, go thy ways—
Yet stay; perhaps this is the last, last time,
That we a private interview may hold,
And your own bosom cannot fail t'inform you,
What mine must feel, at leaving you for ever.

You are not ignorant how I've been us'd,
How hardly us'd by these damn'd managers,
Perfidious trustees—furies—demi-devils,
And yet thou know'st not all:—shou'd I explain
The whole affair,—*I would a tale unfold,*
Wou'd make that bell with sympathy to ring,
These plates to dance and clatter with disdain,
And ev'ry cork start from each bottle's mouth,
And smite the roof in boisterous indignation!

In vain, you know, I've struggl'd for the pa-
tent;
In vain urg'd merit, pity, ev'n compassion.
Unequal all, to interest superior;
And I must go, thro' this wide world must go;
Indeed a *Ranger*, leaving in despair,
This capital ingrate, where rival Rofs,
Licens'd, triumphant, prais'd, acts ev'ry night.

But Rofs, exult not, nor be too secure;
It always was the fate of dying heroes,
To prophesy the haughty victor's fall;

That

That gift kind Heav'n indulges, to assuage
The vanquish'd's grief, and humble proud suc-
cess.

I see thee alter'd---see a strange reverse
Of fortune whelm thee.---Ha! what mon-
strous fights!
Adjudgers---poinders---hornings---captions*---
jails!

Still I detain thee, Fortune; go, good lad,
And prosper in thy business: far from thee
Be such bad omens, and disputes of all sorts.
Be it thy study Lawyers t'entertain,
But O! avoid (if possible) to see them!

* Writs of distress in Scotland.

EPISTLE

TO THE

REV. DR THOS. BLACKLOCK.

WITH SOME ADDITIONAL STANZAS TO A SONG MADE BY THE DOCTOR
TO HIS WIFE.

Tho' long determin'd, Doctor, to refuse
All conversation with the once-lov'd muse,
Resolv'd to lead a dull, prosaic life,
To household cares attentive, and your wife,
Say, will your ear a short attention lend
To some few rival stanzas that I send,
Once half a poet, wholly still your friend? }
It will, nay more, you'll kindle at the song,
Past pleasures recollect, and for a while be young:
Poetic fury still lurks in your frame,
And latent, not extinguish'd, is the flame.
So the once vig'rous, now disabl'd steed,
Dismiss'd at ease to pasture in the mead;
If he but hear the horn or trumpet sound,
He neighs, he paws, he prances o'er the ground:
Aukwardly active, impotently keen,
He would attempt to be what he has been*.

Such

* Qual feroce destrier, ch'al faticoso
Honor de l'arme vincitor sia tolto

Such is your case, and such, alas! is mine,
 Profess'd apostate from Apollo's shrine:
 My inclination Law, and care oppose,
 And, if not fee'd, forbid me to compose:
 But, touch'd with guineas, at their stern com-
 mand,

Huge volumes come from my reluctant hand;
 I bawl, I sweat, to prove that right is wrong,
 And play the strumpet daily with my tongue.

Yet I, impatient of the irksome toil,
 Make my elopement oft from *durest* vile:
 Then to the country eagerly repair,
 And breathe, in raptures, unpolluted air;
 Frequent the stream that pours my fields along,
 And on its banks adore the powers of song;
 Or else indulge, reclining on a tree,
 The waking dream, or pleasing reverie.
 While thus entranc'd, I hear, or seem to hear,
 Wild music floating in th' enchanted air;

See

E lascivo marito in vil riposo
 Fra gli armenti, e ne paschi erri disciolto
 S'el desta ó suon di tromba, ó luminoso
 Acciar, cóla tosto annitrendo è volto
 Già, già brama l'arringo, e l'huom sul dorso
 Portando, urtato riurtar nel corso.

TASSO, GIER. lib. xvi. 23.

See airy forms with measur'd pace advance,
And, frisking, mingle in the giddy dance :
But soon, too soon, detected my retreat,
And I am summon'd to my former state ;
Tho' much inclin'd, I can't prolong my stay,
Sad my repentance should I disobey.

Yet not so grievous or your lot, or mine,
As that we should incessantly repine.
'Tis true, we're torn from the harmonious maid,
To whom our youth its first devotions paid.
But had we still continued her to woo,
Should we have been as happy as we're now ?
Had I still haunted the Parnassian rills ?
Could I have liv'd so near to Pentland hills ?
And, did you still to Clio pay your vows,
You would not, trust me, keep so good a house.

Let us be happy rather, that, in time,
We left the captivating love of rhyme ;
And from the muse, by whom so near undone,
As from a Siren or a Circe run ;
Seek Love's fair sovereign, and the God of Wine,
Who merit worship, better than the Nine ;
By those, while living, we are happy made,
These only puff us after we are dead.

THE
METAMORPHOSIS.

Ἐγὼ δ' ἱσχυροτέρην εἶμι, &c.

ANACREON, ODE XX.

AFFECTEDLY Anacreon says,
That, to be near his lass,
He'd be transform'd into her stays,
Her stockings, shoes, or glass;

Her patch-box, necklace, flow'rs of gum,
Gown, apron, capuchin;
Nay, pearl-powder would become,
To beautify her skin.

But I would undergo a change,
Vain, giddy, lovely Sue,
To gain thy favour, far more strange,
And far more painful too.

What charms finery has for thee,
Alas! too well I know,

T

And

And therefore wish, some god would me
Transfigure to a beau.

Since empty titles would to thee
No trifling joy afford ;
To please thee then, dear Sue, I'll be
(So please the king) a lord.

To much more I will aim ere long,
And, to get an estate,
I'll lick gold-dust with fawning tongue
At some great scoundrel's feet.

THE

RESPECTFUL LOVER.

LET others more forward behave,
 With rudeness or impudent air;
 For my part, I cannot believe
 That briskness and brass win the fair.

Of her I adore, ev'ry glance
 A tender confusion inspires :
 Her charms so majestic at once
 Invite, and yet awe my desires.

How often, in vain, the whole day
 To shew my keen passion, I strove ;
 And then took some round-about way
 To tell her how ardent my love ?

How I fondled and flutter'd the rose
 To-day in her breast that she wore ;
 She certainly could not suppose
 I ever once thought on the flower.

I threaten'd to pluck off its head,
 Attempted its leaves to destroy ;
 For when a feign'd struggle she made,
 Her bosom I touch'd by the bye.

Alone when I gaze on her charms,
 How fain would I ravish a kiss ?
 How fain clasp her shape to my arms ?
 But I dread she would take it amiss.

Tho' modest perhaps to a fault,
 Tho' bashful and aukward my air ;
 Yet my heart with true passion is fraught,
 And I will not submit to despair.

A S O N G.

*Nec tamen interea rauca, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aëria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.*

VIRG. ECL. I.

Tune,—THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

WHILE other churches, with success
Instruct men how to live and die,
The insolence of Vice repress,
And guide them to the realms on high;

Ours shall improve the common tunes,
Change all devotion into show,
Clothe the precentors with black gowns,
And make each church a very beau.

What tho' fanatics join to blame
The gilded desk or painted pew;
And in a holy rage exclaim,
Sure each man sits in a vain shew?

Nor fear when, from religious spite,
They plot the downfall of your dove;

For

For beaux and beauties shall unite,
To guarantee the bird of love.

But say, what has he in his mouth?
It looks unseemly at first view;
Would he gulp down some pill uncouth,
Or does the bird tobacco chew?

Yet say, why on the pulpit's top
Was the dear creature perch'd alone;
There solitary left to mope,
And his unhappy fate bemoan?

Two clergymen, austere and grave,
O'er this collegiate charge are plac'd;
Then, honour'd rulers, by your leave,
We'll have a pigeon for each priest.

I joy to see the clerk appear,
Proud of his sweeping black disguise;
But why do not the beadles wear
Ecclesiastic liveries?

The man who to the playhouse goes,
Will see those who the candles snuff
Have yellow lining to their cloaths,
Turn'd up too with a yellow cuff.

Since

Since folks of fashion won't sit nigh
To their men-servants or their maids;
Erect a footmens' gallery,
As in the playhouse, o'er our heads.

Tickets, you likewise should devise,
And stop collections for the poor;
Else you can never advertise,
No money taken at the door.

ON THE
STATUE OF HYGEIA.

AT ST. BERNARD'S WELL, NEAR EDINBURGH,

BUILT BY LORD GARDE NSTON,

FROM THE FOLLOWING LATIN EPIGRAM OF THE DECEASED LORD HAILES,

WRITTEN IN NOV. 1791.

HEU! fuge fatales haustus, fuge virus aquarum,
 Quisquis es, et damno disce cavere meo;
 Namque ego morborum domitrix Hygeia, li-
 quorem
 Gustavi imprudens facta videbar anus.
 Jam demissa humeros, et crure informis utro-
 que
 Risibus a populo pretereunte petor.
 At tu posthabitis Nymphis, solennia Baccho
 Fer sacra, telluris sic quoque fecit Herus.

A FINISH'D Beauty I from London came,
 Grace and proportion had adorn'd my frame,
 But rash I tasted this empoison'd well,
 And straight ('tis true, tho' wonderful to tell) }
 To size gigantic all my members swell. }

Whether

Whether through coal the fountain urge its
course,

Or noxious metals taint its hidden source,

Or (envious neighbour) Cloacina, stain

The stream with liquid from the Queen-street
drain ;

Th' effect is certain, though the cause obscure:

My figure ought to frighten, not allure ;

And, blameless, tho' the skilful sculptor's hand,

Not as a statue, but a beacon, stand,

Thou ! whom amusement or distemper brings,

To view the pillars, or to try the springs,

Warn'd by my fate, the nauseous draught de-
cline,

The Lord Erector's regimen be thine,

Abstain from water, and indulge in wine.

 ODE TO WAR*.

 WRITTEN IN 1795.

Ἄγες Ἄγες, βροτλοῖγέ, μισαίφονε, τειχισίπλητα !

ILIAD, V. 31:

Stern Power of War! by whom the mighty fall;
Who bathe in blood! and shake the lofty wall.

POPE.

THE distant gleam of burnish'd arms,
The dissonant uncouth alarms,
Resounding from afar,

* *Ode to War.*] The hint was taken from the following sentence in Mercier's "Mon bonnet de nuit," a book published more than twenty years ago: "Ah! disois je en moi meme, quel sera l'homme qui depouillera ce geant de l'appareil qui semble l'ennoblir, pour ne laisser voir que l'ogre hideux affamé de la chair des enfans, des foibles, des innocents, et respirant avidement l'odeur du carnage et de la mort, à travers l'espace des empires, et la vaste etendue du monde?" "Ah!" said I to myself, who will be the man to strip this giant of the ornaments which seem to give him an air of grandeur, so as to leave exposed to the eye the hideous cannibal monster, hungering after the flesh of the infant, the weak, the innocent, and eagerly snuffing the smell of carnage and death through the bounds of empires and vast expanse of the earth?"

The

The drum's, the fife's, the trumpet's voice,
 With fullen, shrill, vain-glorious noise,
 Announce th' approach of war.

Pride, pomp, and finery, in vain
 Thy person deck, adorn thy train,
 To dazzle wond'ring eyes;
 For, when attentively survey'd,
 A monster thou in masquerade,
 They furies in disguise.

In vain a helmet, large and tight,
 Attempts to shelter from the fight
 Thy brutal length of jaw:
 Nor can thy sabre's basket-hilt,
 Tho' ribbon-wreath'd, and double-gilt,
 Conceal the tiger-paw.

See Death, in crimson suit array'd,
 His scythe now shorten'd to a blade,
 Triumphant leads the van!
 Pillage, far finer than the rest!
 Cunning, pontifically drest!
 Wild expeditions plan.

The spruce attire of those they lead,
 Their march to music o'er the mead,
 Is nothing but decoy;

In other founds, in other fights,
His savage ear and eye delights,
Not military joy.

Pleas'd he beholds th' ensanguin'd plain,
Strew'd with the mutilated slain;
Pleas'd, listens to the cry
Of those, spar'd by the fatal lead,
Who, tossing on Disease's bed,
Complain they do not die.

Where was the foolish artist found,
Thy brow who first with laurel bound?
And the first poet where,
Who thy exploits rehears'd in song?
Where the first priest who durst prolong
To Mars an impious pray'r?

Offspring of Satan! when thy fire,
Urg'd by his unabating ire,
Last let thee loose on man,
With his hot hand he stroak'd thy fur,
And thus to his impatient cur,
His exhortation ran:---

"Mankind, by visionaries taught,
Bewilder'd from excess of thought,
Presumptuously complain;

Per-

Perfection would to earth recal *,
 Be what they were before the fall,
 A Paradise regain :

“ Com-

* *Perfection would to earth recal.*] Had circumstances permitted to take all the scope, which the subject required, this argument had not been introduced here. A difference of opinion, as to the *perfectibility* of man, seems to be the real source of the contest which at present desolates Europe, and threatens to go much farther, if not stopped by a Reform of Striking Abuses every where, and a constant attention to prevent the renewal of them, which is the only method; Force can at best do but for a time.

It were much for the real advantage of Kings, and the Ministers of Kings, to pursue this method, and, instead of supporting, to shake off the dead weight of the few who are interested to oppose it.

The question of perfectibility is arduous, complicated, and obscure. It deserves a chapter in prose, in which will be considered, the perfection-system of some modern philosophers, particularly that of Mr Godwin, who has far out-run his predecessors. He says (V. II. p. 822, 4to edition) that half an hour a day, seriously employed in manual labour, by every member of the community, would sufficiently supply the whole with necessaries; and that the intervals of agriculture “ might suffice, in a simple state of society, for the fabrication of tools, for weaving, and the occupation of Tailors, Bakers, and *Butchers*.”—Shambles and Perfection compatible! This suggestion may suffice of itself, to point out to every reader of reflection, the difficulty and hinge of the question, viz. Whether *evil* does
 not

“ Compassion ev’n to brutes express,
 Would make th’ enormous burden less,
 The bloody meal refrain ;
 At least, if Nature has decreed
 That they must prematurely bleed,
 Would mitigate their pain.

“ Amphibious elf! in whom unite
 The fox’s guile and giant’s might,
 Thy various powers display;
 Now with resistless force destroy,
 And now perfidiously decoy,
 By land, by sea, thy prey:

“ Demolish with the pond’rous ball
 The city’s strong and stately wall,
 The buildings with the bomb ;
 And, disregarding sex and age,
 Render it, in thy storming rage,
 A ruin and a tomb.

“ Uproot the vine, the sugar-cane,
 Devour the flocks, the fruits, the grain,
 Which careful culture rears ;---

not radically and unalterably enter into the system of this world? It ought also to banish, or at least abate, that personal animosity, on account of contrariety of sentiment, so unworthy of many of those who harbour it.

But

But be thy fav'rite dainty food
The youthful hero's gen'rous blood,
And quench thy thirst with tears.

" In quest of *Commerce* eager run,
Commerce, old Ocean's darling son,
Him hunt on every shore;
'Gainst him thy privateers let slip,
And, in thy line-of-battle ship,
The angry waves out roar.

" If some, abhorrent from the fight,
Should, or by artifice or flight,
Elude thee or fatigue,
Famine, assistant, shall attend,
The South his yellow plague shall lend,
In triple dreadful league.

" From her tribunal Justice chase,
Set party-spirit in her place
(His views with mine accord;)
In rage he shall the balance break,
From his fierce eyes the bandage shake,
And only use the sword.

" Soon fonder of the guillotine,
Whate'er by thee unrea'p'd, shall glean
Extinguish'd Europe's race!

Save

Save with contrition they implore
 Their pitying God, and he once more
 Command that havoc cease,

“ But so implacable the hate,
 That the repentance must be late ;
 Thou long with them shalt dwell
 For years shalt gratify thy friends,
 Men metamorphosing to fiends,
 Earth to another hell.”

The lesson ended, and away,
 His curs'd instruction to obey,
 The tutor'd felon sped ;
 Presaging Earth, as he drew nigh,
 Shock in convulsive agony,
 And Peace and Mercy fled—

—Fled to the blissful realms above,
 Whence the Creator in his love,
 Commission'd them below :
 Return'd, for man they kindly plead.—
 May their sweet eloquence succeed,
 At last to quell the foe.

Far firmer than the Cretan's wings *,
 Which melted (so the Mantuan sings,)
 Expos'd to solar heat ;

* *The Cretan's wings,*] ICARUS, whose wings were fastened to his side with wax. *Virg. Æneid. vi. Ovid, Metamor.*

His waft him quickly to an ifle,
Where erft, when paufing from his toil,
He wonted to retreat.

Such predilection not of yore,
To Paphos or Cythera bore
The partial Queen of Love;
To Delos, not Latona's fon,
Nor fo had wealthy Carthage won
The fifter-spoufe of Jove.

Well to describe the wafte and woe,
Wrought by the hell-directed foe,
Herculean nerves muft fail;
My tongue would falter to recite,
My trembling hand refuse to write,
The fhocking, fhameful tale.

Ev'n if an effort for a while
Could fenfibility beguile,
And but an outline trace;
The tears I hardly could fufpend,
Would, overpow'ring ere the end,
Th' unfinifh'd fketchn efface.

ADDRESS

TO THE
POWERS AT WAR.

WRITTEN IN 1796.

*Quid miseros toties in aperta pericula civis
Projicit, O Latio caput horum et causa malorum ?
Nulla salus bello : PACEM TE POSCIMUS OMNES.*

VIRG. ÆN. XI. 360.

WHILE yet some vigour in my veins,
Ere Age, that gradual on me gains,
Unwelcome gifts bestow ;
The treble voice, the palsied hand,
The limbs that totter as they stand,
And locks that mimic snow,

Though under skies oft overcast,
Where reigns the East's rheumatic blast,
And floods untimely fall,
By indignation's zeal inspir'd,
And by the noble subject fir'd,
To warring Pow'rs I call ;

The

The Muse's melody invoke,
 To sing what millions long have spoke,
 Its energy increase;---
 But unassisted, all alone,
 Not less undaunted were my tone,
 As advocate for Peace.

Truth, so far like her rival Fame*,
 At first a tiny, timid Dame,
 With puny pace proceeds;
 Oft under Error's blows she smarts,
 Oft pierc'd by Persecution's darts,
 She falls, she faints, she bleeds;

Till Time, her slow but steadfast friend,
 With wings and scythe, come to defend
 From overpow'ring foes.
 By him supported in her course,
 At every step she gathers force,
 And to a Goddess grows:

* Truth, *so far like her rival Fame,*] See the celebrated description of her in Virgil, *Æneid* IV. 174.

*Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo,
 Parva metu primo, mox sese adtollit in auras,
 Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.*

Stronger in voice, tho' sweeter far,
Than the hoarse bellowing God of War,
In front she matches Jove;
Minerva in the eagle-eye,
In beauty may with Venus vie,
In comeliness with Love.

Then Prejudice, Deception then,
Are hunted from the haunts of men,
To dark oblivion hurl'd;
Victorious every where she flies,
Bids Justice reign, bids Merit rise,
Illumes and rules the world.

Should those who guide my Country's pow'r,
Disdainful on these stanzas low'r,
The proffer'd counsel spurn;
Proud, from a sense of rectitude,
My object universal good,
I the contempt return.

Propitious rather let them hear,
Impartiality revere,
The peaceful project weigh;
Nor fear I mean to shake the State,
Or that th' unruly Democate
Can profit by the lay.

* * * * *

O ye!

O ye! who countless legions bring,
To fields where renovated Spring
In early bloom is found,
Before the battle's signal giv'n,
Survey a while the face of Heav'n,
And yet unbloody ground :---

Averted, do not seek to shun
The fight of that ascending Sun,
But on him fondly gaze ;
With god-like grandeur see him rise,
What splendour in the kindling skies !
What glory in his rays !

The heathen uninstructed crowd
To him idolatrously bow'd,
Or Fire for him ador'd ;
No wonder they who felt his course,
Was both of light and food the source,
Mistook him for his lord.

Unwearied he from clime to clime,
The great chronologer of time,
Pursues his arduous way ;
And tho' th' unthinking nothing hear,
Thus, to the philosophic ear,
Exclaims the star of day :---

“ He

" He who from Chaos fashion'd Earth,
And bowl'd her, when he gave her birth,
'Mongst planetary spheres,
Meant (all his attributes proclaim)
A happy, favour'd orb to frame,
And not a vale of tears.

" But Priestcraft and Oppression's rod,
Combine to thwart the will of God ;
Ambition too conspires ;
And while they rule in purple robe,
From the dup'd, desolated globe,
Felicity retires."

Must his perverted influence,
'Thirst, fever, and fatigue dispense
To that embattl'd plain?
So that innoxious but the beam,
That serves to make the weapon gleam,
Or putrify the slain.

Observe how in the sheltering grove
Enamour'd songsters warble love,
How flowers to Zephyr wave ;
The soldier's dirge mean those to chaunt,
These did the hand of Nature plant,
To grace his wretched grave.

The

The offspring of the lowing race,
No more with aukward frolic pace,
Accompanies his dam ;
No more the feeling eye delights
That pleasantest of rural sights,
The kneeling, sucking lamb :

They and their parents from the green,
To store the nauseous magazine,
Robb'd of a happy life ;
The young, the middle-ag'd, the old,
All bought with the contractor's gold,
That whets the butcher's knife.

The noblest animal, the horse,
Fit for the carriage or the course,
Compell'd his field to quit,
To drag along, with panting breath,
The heavy ministers of death,
Reluctant, must submit ;

Or, by the cavalier bestrode,
And, catching spirit from his load,
From harmless, warlike grown ;
Behold him paw, and fretful prance,
Keen 'gainst his fellows to advance,
With fury not his own.

But

But chiefly view that iron scene,
Where thick battalions hide the green,
With tactic art arrang'd ;
To be, when hissing bullets smite,
Or close the crisis of the fight,
How lamentably chang'd !

From the recruits, a motley band,
The nice discriminating hand,
Cull'd stature, health, and force ;
These to devouring War consign'd,
And left disease and health behind,
For reproduction's source.

Selection, fatal to the race,
That must degenerate apace,
In time may wholly fail ;
Perspective that my soul delights---
For, tyrant-man extinct, the rights
Of outrag'd brutes prevail.

Uncurs'd with reason or with pride,
Instinct, their never-erring guide,
They Nature's laws fulfill ;
He, by factitious passions fir'd,
Employs the talents she inspir'd,
To counteract her will :

Assists

Assists destruction, stifles birth,
Dispeoples and disfigures earth,
His wants like Hydra rise ;
Their cravings constantly torment,
He passes life in discontent,
And yet unwilling dies.

Electric strife in high abodes,
When from collision it explodes,
Conducted by no skill ;
Oft humbles with a random stroke,
The tow'ring spire, or giant-oak,
But seldom stoops to kill.

Its chymic imitator, Art,
Can with precise direction dart,
Its bolts at pleasure shape ;
Alike the brave and coward fall,
The distant slaughter'd by the ball,
The nearer by the grape.

Yet these tremendous tubes of brass,
The slender instruments surpass,
Which weakest shoulders rear ;
By each is double mischief done,
It fires, presented, as a gun ;
Push'd, pierces as a spear.

Gaul! you first taught the graphic art
Quick information to impart,
The human bird to soar,
Dare, in the gas-inflated orb,
The sleeping thunder to disturb,
And wond'ring clouds explore.

Sublime discoveries, that claim
The plaudits of approving Fame,
But never can atone,
For the insatiate Guillotine,
Or War's most murderous machine,
The weapon of Bayonne.

They, whom their destiny has led,
To die on Honour's crimson-bed,
No trifling boon obtain;
If stopp'd at once some vital part,
If the big bullet burst the heart,
Or dissipate the brain.

For they, extended on the ground,
Struck by an undecisive wound,
Must lingering agonize;
From their torn veins life's currents pour,
Faint, thirsty, succour they implore,
With disregarded cries.

Distracted in the furious fray,
Contending for the doubtful day,
And all compassion fled,
Ev'n their companions pass them by,
And crowds that or pursue or fly,
Unheeding on them tread.

Not so the kind sagacious steed,
His eye marks where the wounded bleed,
(To Man severe reproof)
His step he regulates with care,
That to the prostrate he may spare
The pressure of his hoof.

While thus encountering hosts engage,
And all Bellona's terrors rage,
Death claps his sable wings;
Exulting hovers o'er the plain,
And, careless who the battle gain,
He his *te-deum* sings.

Ye continental Kings! beware;
The deep and dubious game forbear,
The fateful feud compose;
Think what the issue, if you fail,
And balance in an equal scale
Your forces and your foes.

Say which from principle enroll'd,
And which seduc'd by crimps, or gold?

The candid answer make :
Your troops by that criterion try'd,
War, as the question you decide,
Continue or forsake.

Th' enthusiast nation, right or wrong,
Is supernaturally strong,

By no defeat dismay'd ;
Superior strength and skill it braves,
Unless its force by fools or knaves
Mismanag'd, or betray'd.

Can you arrest the lava's tide,
Cascading from the mountain's side,
That in combustion roars ?

Or Ocean, when the tempest raves,
And his ungovernable waves
Dash deluge on the shores ?

If wild Fanaticism's zeal
Could on your ancestors prevail
To join the mad crusade,
To efforts of impassion'd mind
That most can dignify mankind
Must liberty persuade.

Greece

Greece how enabl'd to resist
Th' invasive millions of the East,
To conquer nations Rome ;
The Transatlantic planters how
The parent state to disavow,
And Freedom's flag assume :

Yet as o'er slaves they tyranniz'd,
Their species' rights they sacrific'd,
The many to the few ;
And were Republics but in name,
Exhibited by partial Fame,
As models to the view.

With them the citizens were kings,
The slaves not *persons* deem'd, but *things*
Below the law's regard ;
Hence every insult, grief, and pain,
That pow'r and passion could ordain,
Th' abandon'd wretches shar'd.

Brutus ought to have hugg'd the chain,
Still less could Washington complain
Of Britain's stamping tax ;
To Freedom's genuine feelings lost
As each of slaves possess'd a host,---
One whites, the other blacks.

But

But your antagonists proclaim
In fyren songs a novel scheme,
Adapted to bewitch ;
At once it captivates the poor,
And will, they trust, in time allure
The worthy of the rich *.

Attentive listen to complaint,
Appease well-founded discontent,
Revise, retrench, reform ;
Sure means the diadem to guard,
Or to avert, or long retard
The fast-advancing storm.

'Tis not the law-establiſh'd throne,
But Oligarchy's ſway alone,
Diſcuſſion's voice alarms ;
That juſtly of reſearch afraid,
Reſorts to Superſtition's aid,
And Perſecution arms.

The Monarch's and his People's rights,
Which common intereſt unites,
Let no falſe friends divide ;

* See Mr. Godwin's Inquiry, viii. 10. 2d edit.

Be popularity your force,
Be population your resource,
Prosperity your pride.

Priests bridle where they domineer,
They Genius curb in his career,
Except on Music's ground ;
The Italian, and the German too,
Attest the proposition true,
And shine enslav'd in sound.

So destin'd to perpetual night,
By the extinction of his sight,
The Goldfinch tunes his throat ;
Nature in pity helps his lay,
To recompense the loss of day.
By melody of note.

For innovation men are ripe,
Where-e'er the workers of the type
Have rous'd them to reflect ;
Injustice feel, abuse perceive,
In monkish legends disbelieve,
And fallacy detect.

Try to give all some ease and weight
That may attach them to the state ;
The dang'rous ferment quell ;

Disgusted

Disgusted lest they disappear
To seek the happier hemisphere,—
Not emigrant---rebel.

* * * * *

Kings of the Continent, adieu!
I hitherto have counsell'd you,
And not my native land:
The plans she did and does pursue,
What she in future ought to do,
A special verse demand.

But more expedient to delay
To probably no distant day
The interesting scene,
Than that more terrible and true,
The dramatist of nature drew,
'Twixt Hamlet and the Queen*.

From expectation to reclaim,
And not propensity to blame,
Past errors I repeat;
Come retrospective and expand,
That miniature of sea and land,
The geographic sheet.

* See Hamlet, Act III. Scene 10.

Survey each quarter of the sphere,
For nautic science every where
Your force empow'rs to range;
Then recollect your conduct past,
That resipiscence may at last
Effectuate a change.

Begin with Afric's fable race;---
But 'twere superfluous to trace
The slave's progressive woes;
For not Apollo's self, in verse,
So well the story could rehearse
As *Pitt* has done in prose.

Despotic power, arch forcerefs!
More draftic poisons you possess
Than Circe's magic bowl;
She metamorphos'd but the shape,
You, that permitting to escape,
Unhumanize the foul*.

Th' impracticable task assign,
Instruct Injustice to combine
Barbarity with art;

* See the *Odyssy*, Book X.

Not men alone forbid to feel,
But harden with no common steel
The female planter's heart*.

Not the coincidence of sex,
That oft deserv'd chastisement checks,
Her lawless lash arrests ;
Nay, urg'd by her imperious cries,
The shock'd unwilling flogger plies
The thong against the breasts.

She stands, the fury ! in delight,
Her eyes regaling with a sight
That Beelzebub would shun :
Great God ! that ever woman could
See whip-extracted milk and blood
In hideous contrast run.

But th' unsuspecting negro-maid,
Whom force compell'd, or fraud betray'd,
To the kidnapping knave ;
Tho' bitterly she wept, when sold,
Some consolation took when told
She was a lady's slave.

* See Steadman's Voyages, lately published, particularly
Vol. II. p. 293.

Can Britons, who, with shudd'ring ear,
The horrible recital hear,
A speedy change dissuade;
Or balance to forego the juice,
Whose costly and too common use
Maintains the monstrous trade?

“ How came (they'll cry) the candied cane,
From Nature's pencil to obtain
The whiteness of the snow?
Fit but the black, or crimson dye,
Of carnage this the livery,
The habit that of woe.

From our disgusted sight begone,
Ye fragments of the luscious cone,
That sweeten bitter tea;
The blendid tastes no more allure,
Unless Humanity procure,
The sugar that is free.”

Your Minister tho' I arraign,
And loudly of the War complain
He push'd you to pursue;
Yet, Heaven forbid! I should not raise
My song to celebrate his praise,
Where praise is justly due.

Succeslefs—aye—but yet sincere,
 Such my conviction I declare,
 And in the thought rejoice ;
 That when he pleaded for the slave,
 'Twas then his noble " father's grave
 " Did utter forth a voice."

Would he his pleasure then compare
 With pangs that now his bosom tear,
 —Thanks to the *common* cause—
 Stung by the poignant parallel,
 Ev'n his obdurate heart must swell,
 And sigh for lost applause.

O'er that broad blank next pass your eye,
 Till various islands you descry,
 That cluster in the sea ;
 Marks monumental that attest
 To the sagacious naturalist
 Earth's chief catastrophe*.

In that convulsion of the sphere
 That made Atlantis disappear,
 Vast victim of the flood !

* See *Lettres Americaines*, a translation from Carli, printed at Boston in 1788, and Raynal, B. X. in the beginning.

Provok'd by elemental war,
Or pour'd from some erratic star,
The stubborn mountains stood :

Resisted Inundation's sweep,
O'ertopp'd the disappointed deep,
While the devoted plain
Submitted to the wat'ry waste,
And Unniformity effac'd
The varied, happy scene.

Here planters oft the cultur'd plains,
Swept by careering hurricanes,
With selfish tears deplore ;
Persist, ye scourges, in your range !
Your dreadful ravages avenge
The captive blackamoor.

So does the putrefactive ray,---
For here how could the god of day
His course indiff'rent run ?
The air the beams paternal taint,
To sicken ruffians who torment
The children of the sun.

Mistaken nations ! that contend
For these distemper'd rocks, and send
Your force's choicest flow'r,

The

The yellow fever's maw to feast,
Than German war or Turkish pest
More potent to devour!

Interrogate th' historic page
Of empires, where th' unheeded sage
Bewails their falling fates;
And learn, that far-extended trade,
And distant conquests, have betray'd
The most exalted states.

Some have not scrupl'd to conclude,
That more calamity than good
By navigation's wrought :
That more secure and happy he,
Whom not the nautilus, but bee,
Has by example taught.

Thy wonderful discoveries
Which superficial thinkers prize,
Advent'rous Genoese !
On Indians brought the sword of Spain,
On Africa the servile chain,
On Europe foul disease.

Nor just reproach can he escape
Who doubl'd first that stormy Cape,
And show'd the wat'ry way,

Which

Which Pillage ever since pursues
To make of innocent Gentoos
An unresisting prey.

Ye Islands ! scatter'd in the main,
That undetected yet remain,
Devoutly Heav'n implore,
To sink, at least mislead, the ships
Which Europe's avarice equips
To search each hidden shore.

Possession of a golden fleece
Was what first coalition'd Greece ;
Next Helen, Homer sings ;
A Cenotaph in Palestine
Against the Sultan to combine
Excited Christian kings*.

No such pursuits in after days
Enkindl'd war's consuming blaze,
Not ev'n a Beauty's charms ;
'Twas love of sugar, coffee, snuffs,
Tea, spiceries, and painted stuffs,
That set the world in arms :

* See the beginning of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*.

And must, till Error's sway o'erpast,
 Prevailing Reason has at last
 Her favour light display'd;
 Convinc'd Mankind how much *they* err,
 To Agriculture who prefer
 The fleeting gifts of Trade:

Or, till two rivals warfare cease,
 Who listen now, thank Heav'n! to Peace,
 And cordially allied;
 For Europe's int'rest and their own,
 The apples Discord's hand has thrown
 Impartially divide.

Nor startle at the word "allied!"
 Unless completely hate subside,
 No good can Peace produce;
 But, with redoubl'd virulence,
 Hostility must recommence,
 Recruited by the truce*.

* See *Campagnes de General Pichegru*, lately published, p. 193—4. "Malgré vos intrigues, nous avons établi un gouvernement. Prenez-y garde; si la sagesse peut le diriger dix ans de suite, vous n'en avez pas pour huit ans d'existence."—"In spite of your intrigues, we have established a government. If it be directed with wisdom but
 "for ten years, you have not eight to live."

Another

Another and feverer bout
Were worse than now to fight it out ;
And thus far argues well,
He who presumes, in his protest,
Tho' he had misconceiv'd the past,
The future to foretell :

Yet how, French monarchy restor'd,
Should permanence of peace afford,
Not ventures to declare.
If the attempt should take effect,
I, as a prophet, too, predict
A more destructive war !

The most of Nature's favours made,
To husbandry, at once, and trade,
Attention then applied ;
And feuds and fears compos'd at length,
On you must fall the total strength
Which parties now divide.

Unless, from just and generous views,
Ambition's offers both refuse,
The tempting bait withstand ;
And, resolute Mankind to spare,
Between them Moderation share
The ocean and the land.

A a

Allied,

Allied, the globe they may direct,
 And nobler purposes effect
 For universal good ;
 And, by the welfare of mankind,
 Their interests promoted find,
 So long misunderstood.

Both nations have, from time to time,
 Heard masters of the *true sublime*
 Enforce the grand advice ;
 But wisdom seems extravagance,
 And magnanimity romance,
 To shallow Cunning's eyes.

That measure had you followed, when
 A rash and an abusive pen
 Brought on the dire dispute ;
 The slaughter had been sav'd and cost,
 Such that both lives and money lost
 By millions men compute *.

Irre-

* Hear the temperate and sensible author of the Letters from France, printed at London 1793, Vol. IV. p. 216.—
 “ But there is another reproach of more importance to be
 “ made to Mr Burke : it is, that, in all probability, *his pre-*
 “ *dictions*, and those of the writers who followed him on
 “ the same side in France, *were, in a great measure, the*
 “ *causes of the evils they foretold.* Mr Burke predicted
 “ the death of Louis XVI. at a time when not a human
 “ being

Irrevocable is the past,
 And o'er it let a veil be cast,
 And History implor'd,
 The fatal *phrenzy* to omit;
 Or, if it be already writ,
 To blot out the record.

“ being in France had such an idea in his mind ; and the
 “ eloquent and specious description he gave of the imagin-
 “ ary disgrace and distress of royalty, most certainly had a
 “ considerable effect on the mind of that unfortunate
 “ prince, and still more on that of the queen and the per-
 “ sons of her court.—*But for Mr Burke and his associates*
 “ *in France, it is highly probable Louis XVI. might now*
 “ *have been reigning peaceably on his throne.* I do not
 “ mean to accuse their intentions, but I am warranted to
 “ say, that their writings contributed at once to render the
 “ court discontented with the revolution, and the nation
 “ suspicious of the court. Of consequence, they had a
 “ great share in producing the calamities of the monarch
 “ and his unfortunate family.”

In p. 145, he had observed, “ It may flatter the vanity
 “ of this fanciful writer, to know that his work has been
 “ studied by queens, and kings, and princes, and cavaliers;
 “ but this vanity will be tempered with some slight remorse,
 “ when he is assured that he is often *curst* by these de-
 “ luded victims, as one amongst the authors of their mis-
 “ fortunes. To have injured the cause he meant to defend,
 “ was not in his intention ; yet such unhappily has been
 “ the effect, which *I do not state from report*, since many
 “ in the unfortunate class of sufferers from the savage laws
 “ of national banishment, *have given me repeated instances*
 “ of the delusion.”

VERSES

ON THE

IMPROVEMENTS OF THE PRESENT AGE.

WRITTEN IN 1791.

*Prisca juvent alios, ego me nunc demique natum
Gratulor.*

OVID.

FROM peevishness, or pious rage,
Let others stigmatize the age,
And ancient manners praise;
Unprejudic'd, I thank my fate,
That launch'd me into life so late,
And not in former days.

See, in the other hemisphere,
Her splendid banner, Freedom rear,
Victorious as she sings;
In France see, by a sudden blow,
While Prince and Priest are both laid low,
Philosophers are kings.

Direct

Direct your view next to the east,
Where brutal Turks in vain resist,
The great Czarina's pow'r;
Mistaken statesmen may oppose,
But soon she'll vanquish all her foes,
And long lost Greece restore.

Think next, what eloquence display'd,
What persevering efforts made,
The Slave-trade to suppress :
Nay more, that statutes we enact
The beast of burden to protect,
And make his labour less.

We dine, we dance, at midnight hours,
Many a fortune play devours,
And wives are oft untrue :
But th' imperfections of our day,
'Tis evident we much outweigh,
By virtues that are new.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Direct your view next to the east,
Where brightest light is seen to rise,
The great Creator's power is shown,
And long his glory shines above,
Thee, O my soul, I worship with all powers,
And long thy glory adore,
I think next to thy splendour shining,
What perfect love thy efforts made,
The slave made to thy power,
As more, that slaves we made,
Thee, O my soul, I worship with all powers,
And make his labour less.

We have we danced in midnight hours,
Many a fortune play, devoted to the game,
And wine and all manner of delight,
But in the end, our days are spent,
The evident result of all our toil,
Is but a heap of dust and earth.



THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME
LONDON: Printed by J. JOHNSON, in Pall-mall.

ERRATA, VOL. I.

- Page 13. title, *for* Cupid, a Patient to Dr Taylor, *read* Cupid, a Patient, inscribed to Dr Taylor.
- Page 15. ditto, *for* Fragments of Irish, *read* Fragments of Highland Poetry.
- Page 28. line 21. *for* even, *read* e'en.
- Page 39. line 3. *for* Vinter, *read* Vintner.
- Page 45. notes, *for* three Judges, *read* four Judges.
- Page 54. line 4. *for* Stuart La', *read* Stuart Ha.
- Page 58. line 15. *for* transports, *read* transport's.
- Page 67. line 19. *for* unintermitting, *read* everlasting.
- Page 72. line 12. *for* Had each, *read* Bore each.
- Page 74. line 5. *for* Entreating, *read* Entreated.
- Page 93. line 5. *for* 'Twere but superfluous, *read* It would be needless.
- Page 94. line 19. *for* late lovely, *read* bewitching.
- Page 98. line 8. *for* trial's, *read* trials.
- Page 109. line 6. *from* the bottom, *for* ould, *read* Would.
- Page 142. title, *for* made by the Doctor to his Wife, *read* Inscribed by the Doctor to his Wife.
- Page 143. line 3. *for* My inclination Law, *read* My inclination, Law and Care oppose
- Page 146. line 5. *for* To please thee, *read* To win thee.
- Page 162. motto *for* civis, *read* cives
- Page 177. line 5. *for* resipiscence, *read* resipiscence.
- Page 180. line 17. *for* naturalist, *read* nat'ralist.
- Page 181. line 8. *for* Unniformity, *read* Uniformity.

